TAKE ONE

the film magazine

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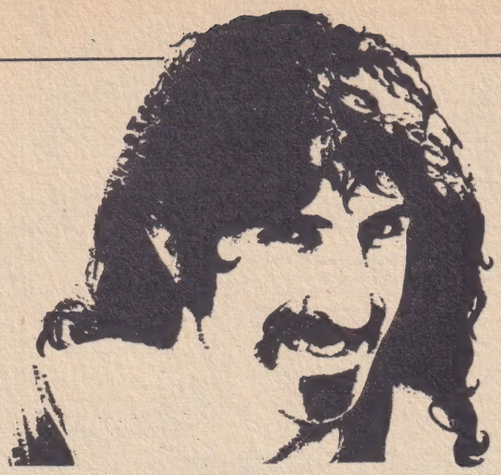
McLUHAN MAKES A MOVIE
and HUAC (cont'd)

THE POLANSKI PUZZLE



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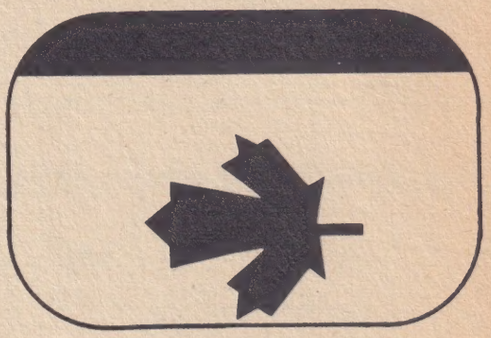

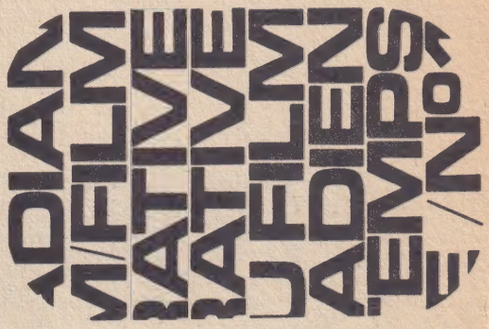

CREDITS, FEED-BACK & NEWS 4

Charles Silver

HAVE A HEART 5

HUAC-ADOO 6

McLUHAN MAKES A MOVIE 15

John McCarty

THE POLANSKI PUZZLE 18

DEPARTMENTS 22

BOOKS * Susan Steinberg
SAN FRANCISCO LETTER * Hal Aigner
HOW (3) * David Dorfman
FESTIVAL: SAN FRANCISCO * John Bigby
REFLECTIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE * Herman G. Weinberg
LETTER FROM SCANDINAVIA * Bob Nichols
THE MIND'S EYE * John Hofsess
BERKEL-EYE * Michael Goodwin

REVIEWS 28

WOW * Ronald Blumer
ZERO THE FOOL * Kay Armatage
THE DAMNED * John Hofsess
MINUTE RICE * Susan Rice
THREE FILMS * Joe Medjuck

COVER * Rosemary's Baby

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CREDITS

Our contributors this issue.

Hal Aigner, with a degree in psychology, is film critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Kay Armatage, until recently an English prof. at Toronto's Ryerson Institute, is moving onto bigger and better things.

John Bigby, a frequent contributor to *Take One*, most recently has published what he describes as "a newer-languages-communications-linguistics-composition-media-package for college English classes — or something".

Ron Blumer continues his work toward a film doctorate.

David Dorfman, with an MA in English and a checkered background in and out of filmmaking, lives and works in New York.

Michael Goodwin has been hanging around with people like Jean-Luc Godard and Dennis Hopper (to mention only a couple) lately, and was recently appointed film editor of *Rolling Stone*.

John Hofsess continues research into obscenity and the law, in preparation for his much-postponed trial over **Columbus of Sex.**

John McCarty has been making films since he was ten; has a degree in film from Boston University; produced, directed and wrote educational films and tv shows in Colombia as a member of the Peace Corps; has written two feature-length screenplays; and is a great Polanski fan.

Joe Medjuck, *Take One* Associate Ed-Pub., is spending the summer in England, where (he tells us) he will be completing his doctoral thesis.

Bob Nichols is studying at the University of Uppsala in Sweden.

Susan Rice is a New York freelance writer and film nut.

Charles Silver has an MA in PoliSci from Rutgers. He has been a radio station manager, a child care counselor, and a 16mm booker.

Susan Steinberg, with an MA in Psychology, is conducting research into brain-damaged war veterans in Cambridge, Mass.

Herman G. Weinberg teaches film history at City University, New York and has published a wide variety of books on the cinema.

FEED-BACK

As always I look forward to receiving *Take One*. Naturally, your recent Toronto Letter caught my eye. Fortunately for Canadian Film Producers (and Film House), the volume of 35mm Eastman color has grown to the point where we were able to place an order last summer for the construction of another large processing machine.

This machine (delivered in February) increases our capacity by a half a million feet of film a week. From now on it will be much easier for feature film producers to get their dailies back in a matter of hours, in addition to enabling us to produce release prints of theatricals. You can take this as an indication of the amount of confidence I have in the growing Canadian feature film industry.

The situation can be compared with the old question of the chicken or the egg, but certainly there can't be a viable industry without high quality processing available regularly on a few hours notice. So, we've laid our egg, now we hope the chickens will come and sit on it.

Robert C. Crone,
President
Film House Ltd.,
Toronto

●

I have just read the new issue of TAKE ONE magazine, in which Allan Collins talks about *Homer* and the various people involved. I would like to make it clear at this point that I believe he misunderstood my comments on the lab services in Toronto.

It does read as though I took Film House particularly to task. I would like to set the record straight at this time. The largest single factor inhibiting the Canadian film industry is not lab services in general, but the fact that not any one particular lab caters exclusively to 35mm color processes. Therefore, the system has to be switched over from 16mm to 35mm and this obviously cannot happen until the 16mm has completed its cycle, causing many delays. I understand fully the problems of the labs, being that 16mm is their bread and butter, but I hope that before too long a Toronto lab will believe in the feature film industry enough to cater exclusively to 35mm.

As far as Film House is concerned, working under these very tight restrictions, they did a marvelous job for our feature film *Homer* and we look forward to working with them in the future.

Terry Dene
Palomar Pictures International
New York

●

I read Mr. Collin's recent article in Vol. 2, No. 4 of *Take One* his "letter" on Cinema Six Productions in Toronto and I noted with alarm the statement from the producer that laboratory services in Toronto lag far behind our American counterpart.

I wish to correct this wrong impression since there are indeed laboratory services available in Toronto which are definitely on a par with American laboratories. Our organization, Pathé Humphries of Canada Limited, operate a complete 35mm color lab and have been involved in several 35mm color features in which the service provided is equal to any available anywhere.

The Cinema Six Production entitled *Homer* was one of those not handled by us and therefore I am not familiar with the problems encountered in this particular production. However, I would like to correct any impression that may exist about the laboratory facilities in Toronto and would want to reassure the industry that these services are indeed available on a highly competitive and professional basis.

R.J. Beaudry
Vice-President & Gen/Mgr.
Pathé Humphries of Canada
Toronto

My first subscription copy of your generally excellent magazine, volume 2 number 4, arrived yesterday.

A certain amount of confusion however has been caused by the note on page three stating that this is the issue of March-April 1969 published on December 30th.

Perhaps this explains why the 'In the Works' column on Page 24 states that the Palomar Production *Homer* has just finished casting (an event datable during the first week of October) while on the previous page the 'Toronto Letter' correctly states that the picture finished shooting in November and is now being edited. As for the 'Information' on the proposed production of *Letting Go* words fail me.

Samuel Jephcott
Executive Secretary
Directors Guild of Canada
Toronto

NEWS

Temple University in Philadelphia has announced it will offer a six-week, graduate-level film seminar to be conducted in London, England, during the summer of 1970.

Dean Kenneth Harwood said that Dr. Raymond Fielding, professor of communications at Temple, and a nationally-known educator in film journalism, will conduct the seminar.

British film directors, writers, critics, educators, scholars, archivists, and government officials will participate in a series of lectures and seminars with students. Field trips to film studios, archives, museums and governmental offices will complement the lectures.

The seminar will be held from July 6 through August 15 with meetings at the British Film Institute. The class will be limited to 20 graduate students, recent college graduates or post-doctoral students. Six credits will be offered or the seminar may be audited.

Enrollment fee is $380 and does not include food, transportation or lodging, which students will arrange on their own.

Additional information may be obtained from: Dr. Raymond Fielding, School of Communications and Theater, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

●

The Tantivy Press of London, in association with A.S. Barnes and Co. Inc., of New York, is embarking on the publication of a WORLD FILMOGRAPHY. This major undertaking will involve more than seventy volumes of 600 pages each. These will appear at regular intervals throughout the next fifteen years.

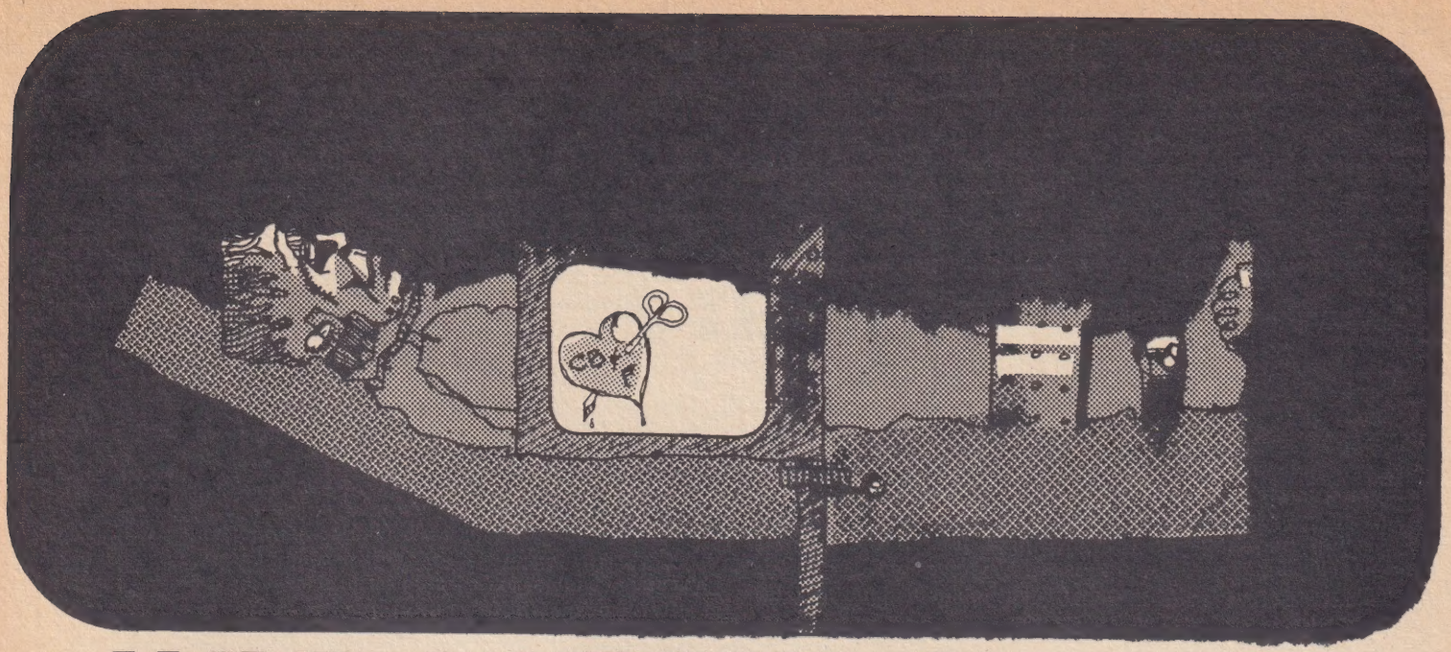
The FILMOGRAPHY will list the full credits, as far as they can be ascertained by a worldwide research team, of every film theatrically released in the history of the cinema.

●

Universe, a half-hour National Film Board of Canada film exploring the heavens filled with planets and galaxies, is still as up-to-date and popular on the international scene as it was nine years ago when first released by the N.F.B.

The only film ever to achieve honours at every major film competition in the world, *Universe* is still being shown on television and theatre screens in 52 countries.

Almost 2000 prints have been sold in the United States, including 90 to NASA. Canadians have purchased 346 copies of the film, while other countries have ordered 300.



HAVE A HEART

by CHARLES SILVER

It is true that my knowledge of medicine is very limited. My prime concern is film criticism, and I am well aware that the wise film critic does not venture forth into other fields. It has taken an outrage a collosal injustice, to cause me to cast aside wisdom and make this appeal to the conscience of the world.

First, let it be made clear from the outset that I bear no grudge toward Dr. Christian Barnard and his South African associates. Their heart transplants have been noteworthy accomplishments which I have no wish to deprecate. It is my intention, however, to place these in their proper perspective. My only motivation is the restoration of proper credit and respect for the man who was the real pioneer in this field, the man whose early experiments made today's headlines possible. I am referring to that much maligned and misunderstood medical genius—Dr. Henry Frankenstein.

The time has come to accord Baron Frankenstein's seminal experiments the recognition they deserve. Not only did Frankenstein's work blaze a trail for the Barnard transplants, but it also predated the brilliant achievements of those titans of medicine employed on the staff at Monogram.* Furthermore, none of these later doctors had to labor under the difficult conditions which plagued their illustrious predecessor.

Considering the severe limitations on medical knowledge at the time Henry Frankenstein began his experiments, it would be impossible to emphasize too much the revolutionary nature of his work. One could not have anticipated such a unique contribution coming from a man of provincial background and limited training. We know that Henry's mentor was Dr. Waldman of Goldstadt Medical College. Although Professor Waldman kept a whole shelf full of skulls in his library, there is really no reason to believe that he was a man of any particular ability. In fact, one recalls his incredibly stupid behavior leading up to his demise at the (transplanted) hands of Frankenstein's first patient, often referred to by the insensitive as the Monster. In any case, there is no doubt that the medical education available to young Henry was far inferior to that of today's young surgeons.

The Baron's accomplishments were all the more remarkable for the adversity which begot them. Here was this great mind, shut away in an abandoned watchtower, striving to unlock the fearful mystery of Life for the benefit of mankind. For this monumental task, he was dependent on thunderstorms for the energy to perform his operations, and he was helped solely by a singularly clumsy and sadistic assistant. Could Dr. Barnard tolerate Fritz, this incompetent and evil hunchback who stole an abnormal criminal brain after squashing the normal one Frankenstein desired for his work? I think not. Yet, this was all the staff available to him. The poor Baron even had to dig up bodies himself—very demeaning.

Then there is the matter of the innumerable pressures put upon Frankenstein and the incessant ridicule by even those closest to him. It is a fact that at the height of the long-awaited thunderstorm, who should arrive at the watchtower but Henry's fiancée and his former rival for her affections. When the good doctor told them he could not be bothered to entertain them because of the imminence of his operation, he was accused of being crazy. "Crazy, am I? We'll see whether I'm crazy or not," the Baron exclaimed, and he then proceeded to restore life to his deceased patient. Yet, there are still those to this day who consider Frankenstein somewhat eccentric.

This was the man who went beyond the ultraviolet to the ray that created life. This was the man who, decades ago, kept a heart beating for three weeks. This was the man who transplanted all parts of the body (at least all those permitted by the Hays Office), not just hearts. And what was the Baron's reward for this—physical abuse from the patient and threats from the ignorant peasants. Suppose Barnard was accused of insanity! Suppose Dr. Barnard's transplant patients were not more concerned with selling their stories to N.B.C. than with beating the living daylights out of their benefactor! Suppose the local peasants got riled up and marched on Groote Schuur Hospital in Capetown! (Well, that one is a possibility, isn't it?) How long would Dr. Barnard persist with his transplants under those circumstances? And how successful would Dr. Barnard's operations be if he had to tolerate the presence in his operating room of director James Whale, gaily swishing about?

Why, then, I ask, has Barnard rather than Frankenstein gotten the accolades? Surely, the Baron's achievements are not forgotten. As recently as 1964, Hammer's *Evil of Frankenstein* (a typically prejudiced title) documented the great man's execution of a heart transplant identical to those in South Africa. Only the bumbling interference of a self-righteous cleric prevented the surgery from succeeding. I have given much thought to the question of why the world continues to remain blind to Frankenstein's genius. At first, I attributed it to a mistaken impression held by many that the doctor was Jewish. (This impression may have come from a reference in Maria Ouspenskaya's "Transylvanian Circumcision and Lycanthropy Cookbook"). Even if Henry Frankenstein was Jewish, however, antisemitism must be ruled out, for it has not prevented men like Freud and Salk from being properly recognized.

I am afraid the simple fact is that the early superstitious hostility toward the Baron's experiments has lingered on and has acquired a momentum of its own. The world just cannot permit itself to honor a man it has maligned for decades. For this reason, the doctor has chosen to be out of the public spotlight for several years, perhaps to return (as he has in the past) with an assumed identity in order that he may carry on his work. Where and when, I cannot say with any certainty. Perhaps there is some hint, though, in the surprisingly strong facial resemblance between Colin Clive and Christian Barnard. ■

*Most notable among these, of course, was Dr. Bela Lorenz who suffered undue public ridicule for his predilection for sleeping in a coffin, a harmless habit which had no bearing on his work. Also noteworthy was Dr. Boris Adrian, a saintly man who killed only the wicked and, even then, only for the sake of his truly humane experiments. The careers of these two geniuses have been documented in the cinema-verité films, *The Corpse Vanishes* and *The Ape*.

HUAC-adoo
PART 2

COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

J. PARNELL THOMAS, New Jersey, Chairman
KARL E. MUNDT, South Dakota — *JOHN S. WOOD, Georgia*
JOHN McDOWELL, Pennsylvania — *JOHN E. RANKIN, Mississippi*
RICHARD M. NIXON, California — *J. HARDIN PETERSON, Florida*
RICHARD B. VAIL, Illinois — *HERBERT C. BONNER, North Carolina*
ROBERT E. STRIPLING, Chief Investigator

The Committee's first hearings on the Communist infiltration of the film industry were held in Los Angeles. Though some of these hearings were secret, most of the committee's activities were well publicised, and the witnesses subpoenaed to appear at the Washington hearings knew what to expect. These hearings took place October 20-October 30, 1947 and over 40 witnesses testified. The press usually categorised the witnesses as "friendly" or "unfriendly" according to their attitudes towards the committee. During the first five days of the hearings all of the witnesses called were "friendly" (or at least not "unfriendly"). Amongst these witnesses were Gary Cooper, Adolph Menjou, Leo McCarey, Ronald Reagan and George Murphy as well as those whose testimony appeared in our last issue (Jack Warner, Louis B. Mayer, Ayn Rand, Robert Taylor, Ginger Rogers' mother) and others.

The hearing was then adjourned for the weekend before commencing its final four days when the witnesses included The Hollywood Ten: Alvah Bessie, Herbert Biberman, Lester Cole, Edward Dmytryk, Ring Lardner Jr., John Howard Lawson, Albert Maltz, Samuel Ornitz, Adrian Scott and Dalton Trumbo — each of whom was followed to the stand by one of the committee's investigators who catalogued the witness's "crimes".

Each of The Hollywood Ten was charged with contempt of Congress for refusing to answer the Committee's questions. They were convicted, some being sentenced to six months in prison and a $500 fine, others getting one year and a $1000 fine.When they returned they found themselves, along with hundreds of others, on an unofficial blacklist.

DALTON TRUMBO helped break the blacklist when he received an Academy Award in 1956 for the screenplay for *The Brave One* which he had written under the pseudonym Robert Rich. He has since written (under his own name) the screenplays for *Exodus, Spartacus,* and *The Fixer* among others.

RING LARDNER JR. has most recently written the screenplay for the much acclaimed *M.A.S.H.*

HERBERT BIBERMAN and ALVAH BESSIE have both written accounts of their years in jail and on the blacklist. Biberman's appeared in vol. 1 no. 5 of *Take One*, Bessie's took the form of a book: *"Inquisition in Eden"*.

BERTOLT BRECHT, having been congratulated by the Committee for his cooperation, left the country the next day to arrive eventually in East Berlin.

J. PARNELL THOMAS, the Committee Chairman, preceeded the Ten to prison: in 1949 he was jailed for accepting bribes.

Committee member RICHARD M. NIXON is now president of the United States.

Mr. STRIPLING. The first witness, Mr. Chairman, is Mr. John Howard Lawson.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Lawson.

Mr. KENNY. Mr. Chairman, if you will recall, at the outset of this hearing Mr. Crum and I made a motion to quash the subpenas addressed to Mr. Lawson and some 18 other witnesses whom we represent. You indicated at that time that this would be the appropriate occasion at which to present our arguments for the quashing of the subpenas, on the ground that this committee is illegal and unconstitutional, both in the manner in which the authority given to it by the Congress has been executed, and by the terms of that authority itself.

Can we proceed at this time with that motion? Also, Mr. Crum has a motion relating to the recalling of certain witnesses, with an opportunity to examine them.

I would like to present the motion to quash first, Mr. Chairman, if you please.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Kenny, didn't you give us a brief in connection with that motion?

Mr. KENNY. There has been a brief submitted. However, I would like the opportunity to argue it orally, to point out to the committee that it has no legal or constitutional power to proceed and that therefore—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. KENNY. (continuing). These motions should be quashed.

The CHAIRMAN. Just a minute.

Mr. Kenny, do you have any additional information that was not in the brief?

Mr. KENNY. I think we have additional information based on the conduct of the—

The CHAIRMAN. Well, do you have it?

Mr. KENNY. Oh, yes.

Mr. CRUM. We have it here.

The CHAIRMAN. I am listening to Mr. Kenny.

Mr. KENNY. We do, based on the conduct of this committee last week. We think two additional evidences of the illegality of this committee came out:

1. In attempts by members of the committee to dictate to various producers the content of films that are to be produced; and

2.An effort indicated by questioning to induce the motion-picture producers to create a blacklist, to hire men not on the basis of ability, but on the basis of political beliefs.

Now, both of these, we say, indicate an unconstitutional purpose, a purpose to invade the domain protected by the first amendment, which is the provision that Congress shall pass no law invading the freedom of speech or of conscience. And as to—

The CHAIRMAN. Those two points, then constitutes your additional information?

Mr. KENNY. Those two, plus, of course—we have a statement on that which we could file.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman.

Mr. CHAIRMAN. Just a minute.

Mr. Kenny, aside from any statement that you may have, your additional points are the two that you mentioned, that is, dictation and the creation of a blacklist; that is correct, is it?

Mr. KENNY. Those are the points.

We said at the outset that this committee was illegal and unconstitutional—

The CHAIRMAN. I know. All right, Mr. Stripling, you may be heard.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, the point which Mr. Kenny has set forth—if he has a remedy it is in the courts of the land and not before a committee of Congress. A committee of Congress can no more set aside a law than it can do any other thing. Therefore, Mr. Kenny should go into court, if he seeks any remedy on the points which he has submitted to the committee. I see no point for the committee to interrupt its proceedings to permit Mr. Kenny to stand up and make a lot of points which he knows are out of order before this tribunal.

Mr. KENNY. Just one brief response to that, and that is: The committee is the servant of the Constitution, just as much as the citizen is, and certainly Congress should be given the opportunity, or any committee of Congress, to consider whether or not it is proceeding constitutionally.

It is quite true, as Mr. Stripling says, that the courts are open, but I believe that the first opportunity should be given the person who first is accused of proceeding illegally.

Now, the committee has this opportunity at this time to consider the basic constitutional principles under which it is proceeding, and I think it would be the first time that this committee ever has done that. I think, if we are given that opportunity, the committee might well rule with us, if they can hear our arguments out and give them full consideration.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, Mr. Kenny, we have read your brief very carefully. In view of the additional points, however, which you bring up, why, the committee will now take under consideration the whole question, not only based on your original brief, but also these additional points.

The committee will go into executive session until we have concluded.

Mr. CRUM. Mr. Chairman, may I ask that you consider our motion to cross-examine—

The CHAIRMAN. The meeting will be in recess. The committee will leave the room and go into executive session.

Mr. CRUM. May we hand these to you, Mr. Chairman?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes; glad to have them.

Mr. CRUM. Thank you.

(The committee went into executive session.)

The CHAIRMAN. The meeting will come to order.

Mr. Kenny, this is the unanimous decision of this subcommittee. It is the decision on the brief which you submitted, plus the two additional points.

Mr. KENNY. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. No committee of Congress has the right to establish its own legality or constitutionality. A committee of Congress cannot disqualify itself from the provisions of the law. We operate under Public Law 601. We cannot set aside this law to suit the convenience of certain witnesses or their counsel. As a former attorney general of the State of California you certainly know that your remedy, if any, is in the courts.

Mr. Stripling, the first witness.

Mr. CRUM. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. John Howard Lawson.

Mr. CRUM. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. CHAIRMAN. I am sorry—

Mr. CRUM. May I request the right of cross-examination?

I ask you to bring back and permit us to cross-examine the witnesses, Adolph Menjou, Fred Niblo, John Charles Moffitt, Richard Macauley, Rupert Hughes, Sam Wood, Ayn Rand, James McGuinness—

The CHAIRMAN. The request—

Mr. CRUM. Howard Rushmore—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. CRUM. Morrie Ryskind, Oliver Carlson—

The CHAIRMAN. The request is denied.

Mr. CRUM. In order to show that these witnesses lied.

The CHAIRMAN. That request is denied.

Mr. Stripling, the first witness.

Mr. STRIPLING. John Howard Lawson.

(John Howard Lawson, accompanied by Robert W. Kenny and Bartley Crum take places at witness table.)

The CHAIRMAN. Stand and please raise your right hand.

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. LAWSON. I do.

The CHAIRMAN. Sit down, please.

● ● ● ●

TESTIMONY OF JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

Mr. LAWSON. Mr. Chairman, I have a statement here which I wish to make—

The CHAIRMAN. Well, all right; let me see your statement.

(Statement handed to the chairman.)

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you have a copy of that?

Mr. CRUM. We can get you copies.

The CHAIRMAN. I don't care to read any more of the statement. The statement will not be read. I read the first line.

Mr. LAWSON. You have spent one week vilifying me before the American public—

The CHAIRMAN. Just a minute—

Mr. LAWSON. And you refuse to allow me to make a statement on my rights as an American citizen.

The CHAIRMAN. I refuse you to make the statement, because of the first sentence in your statement. That statement is not pertinent to the inquiry.

Now, this is a congressional committee—a congressional committee set up by law. We must have orderly procedure, and we are going to have orderly procedure.

Mr. Stripling, identify the witness.

Mr. LAWSON. The rights of American citizens are important in this room here, and I intend to stand up for those rights, Congressman Thomas.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lawson, will you state your full name, please?

Mr. LAWSON. I wish to protest against the unwillingness of this committee to read a statement, when you permitted Mr. Warner, Mr. Mayer, and others to read statements in this room.

My name is John Howard Lawson.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your present address?

Mr. LAWSON. 9354 Burnett Avenue, San Fernando, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born?

Mr. LAWSON. New York City.

Mr. STRIPLING. What year?

Mr. LAWSON. 1894.

Mr. STRIPLING. Give us the exact date.

Mr. LAWSON. September 25. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation, Mr. Lawson?

Mr. LAWSON. I am a writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been a writer?

Mr. LAWSON. All my life—at least 35 years—my adult life.

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LAWSON. The raising of any question here in regard to membership, political beliefs, or affiliation—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. LAWSON. Is absolutely beyond the powers of this committee.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. LAWSON. But—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. It is a matter of public record that I am a member of the Screen Writers Guild.

Mr. STRIPLING. I ask—

(APPLAUSE.)

The CHAIRMAN. I want to caution the people in the audience: You are the guests of this committee and you will have to maintain order at all times. I do not care for any applause or any demonstrations of one kind or another.

Mr. STRIPLING. Now Mr. Chairman, I am also going to request that you instruct the witness to be responsive to the questions.

The CHAIRMAN. I think the witness will be more responsive to the questions.

Mr. LAWSON. Mr. Chairman, you permitted—

The CHAIRMAN. (pounding gavel). Never mind—

Mr. LAWSON. (continuing). Witnesses in this room to make

answers of three or four or five hundred words to questions here.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Lawson, you will please be responsive to these questions and not continue to try to disrupt these hearings.

Mr. LAWSON. I am not on trial here, Mr. Chairman. This committee is on trial here before the American people. Let us get that straight.

The CHAIRMAN. We don't want you to be on trial.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lawson, how long have you been a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LAWSON. Since it was founded in its present form, in 1933.

Mr. STRIPLING. Have you ever held any office in the guild?

Mr. LAWSON. The question of whether I have held office is also a question which is beyond the purview of this committee.

(The Chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. It is an invasion of the right of association under the Bill of Rights of this country.

The CHAIRMAN. Please be responsive to the question.

Mr. LAWSON. It is also a matter—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. Of public record.

The CHAIRMAN. You asked to be heard. Through your attorney, you asked to be heard, and we want you to be heard. And if you don't care to be heard, then we will excuse you and we will put the record in without your answers.

Mr. LAWSON. I wish to frame my own answers to your questions, Mr. Chairman, and I intend to do so.

The CHAIRMAN. And you will be responsive to the questions or you will be excused from the witness stand.

Mr. LAWSON. I will frame my own answers, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN. Go ahead, Mr. Stripling.

Mr. STRIPLING. I repeat the question, Mr. Lawson:

Have you ever held any position in the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LAWSON. I stated that it is outside the purview of the rights of the committee to inquire into any form of association—

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair will determine what is in the purview of this committee.

Mr. LAWSON. My rights as an American citizen are no less than the responsibilities of this committee of Congress.

The CHAIRMAN. Now you are just making a big scene for yourself and getting all "het up". (Laughter)

Be responsive to the questioning, just the same as all the witnesses have. You are no different from the rest.

Go ahead, Mr. Stripling.

Mr. LAWSON. I am being treated differently from the rest.

The CHAIRMAN. You are not being treated differently.

Mr. LAWSON. Other witnesses have made statements, which included quotations from books, references to material which had no connection whatsoever with the interest of this committee.

The CHAIRMAN. We will determine whether it has connection.

Now you go ahead—

Mr. LAWSON. It is absolutely beyond the power of this committee to inquire into my association in any organization.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Lawson, you will have to stop or you will leave the witness stand. And you will leave the witness stand because you are in contempt. That is why you will leave the witness stand. And if you are just trying to force me to put you in contempt, you won't have to try much harder. You know what has happened to a lot of people that have been in contempt of this committee this year, don't you?

Mr. LAWSON. I am glad you have made it perfectly clear that you are going to threaten and intimidate the witnesses, Mr. Chairman.

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. I am an American and I am not at all easy to intimidate, and don't think I am.

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lawson I repeat the question. Have you ever held any position in the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LAWSON. I have stated that the question is illegal. But it is a matter of public record that I have held many offices in the Screen Writers Guild. I was its first president, in 1933, and I have held office on the board of directors of the Screen Writers Guild at other times.

Mr. STRIPLING. You have been employed in the motion-picture industry; have you not?

Mr. LAWSON. I have.

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you state some of the studios where you have been employed?

Mr. LAWSON. Practically all of the studios, all the major studios.

Mr. STRIPLING. As a screen writer?

Mr. LAWSON. That is correct

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you list some of the pictures which you have written the script for?

Mr. LAWSON. I must state again that you are now inquiring into the freedom of press and communications, over which you have no control whatsoever. You don't have to bring me here 3,000 miles to find out what pictures I have written. The pictures that I have written are very well known. They are such pictures as *Action in the North Atlantic, Sahara*—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lawson—

Mr. LAWSON. Such pictures as *Blockade*, of which I am very proud and in which I introduced the danger that this democracy faced from the attempt to destroy democracy in Spain in 1937. These matters are all matters of public record.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lawson, would you object if I read a list of the pictures and then you can either state whether or not you did write the scripts?

Mr. LAWSON. I have no objection at all.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did you write *Dynamite*, by M-G-M?

Mr. LAWSON. I preface my answer, again, by saying that it is outside the province of this committee, but it is well known that I did.

Mr. STRIPLING. *The Sea Bat*, by M-G-M?

Mr. LAWSON. It is well known that I did.

Mr. STRIPLING. *Success at Any Price*, RKO?

Mr. LAWSON. Yes; that is from a play of mine, "Success Story."

Mr. STRIPLING. *Party Wire*, Columbia?

Mr. LAWSON. Yes; I did.

Mr. STRIPLING. *Blockade*, United Artists, Wanger?

Mr. LAWSON. That is correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. *Algiers*, United Artists, Wanger?

Mr. LAWSON. Correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. *Earth Bound*, Twentieth Century Fox.

Mr. LAWSON. Correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. *Counterattack*, Columbia.

Mr. LAWSON. Correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. You have probably written others; have you not, Mr. Lawson?

Mr. LAWSON. Many others. You have missed a lot of them.

Mr. STRIPLING. You don't care to furnish them to the committee, do you?

Mr. LAWSON. Not in the least interested.

Mr. STRIPLING.Mr. Lawson, are you now, or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party of the United States?

Mr. LAWSON. In framing my answer to that question I must emphasize the points that I have raised before. The question of communism is in no way related to this inquiry, which is an attempt to get control of the screen and invade the basic rights of American citizens in all fields.

Mr. McDOWELL. Now I must object—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. The question here relates not only to the question of my membership in any political organization, but this committee is attempting to establish the right—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. (continuing) Which has been historically denied to any committee of this sort, to invade the rights and privileges and immunity of American citizens, whether they be Protestant, Methodist, Jewish, or Catholic, whether they be Republicans or Democrats or anything else.

The CHAIRMAN. (pounding gavel). Mr. Lawson, just quiet down again.

Mr. Lawson, the most pertinent question that we can ask is whether or not you have ever been a member of the Communist Party. Now, do you care to answer that question?

Mr. LAWSON. You are using the old technique, which was used in Hitler Germany in order to create a scare here—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel.) Oh—

Mr. LAWSON. In order to create an entirely false atmosphere in which this hearing is conducted—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. In order that you can then smear the motion-picture industry, and you can proceed to the press, to any form of communication in this country.

The CHAIRMAN. You have learned—

Mr. LAWSON. The Bill of Rights was established precisely to prevent the operation of any committee which could invade the basic rights of Americans.

Now, if you want to know—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, the witness is not answering the question.

Mr. LAWSON. If you want to know—

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. LAWSON. About the perjury that has been committed here and the perjury that is planned.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Lawson—

Mr. LAWSON. You permit me and my attorneys to bring in here the witnesses that testified last week and you permit us to cross-examine these witnesses, and we will show up the whole tissue of lie—

The CHAIRMAN. (pounding gavel.) We are going to get the answer to that question if we have to stay here for a week.

Are you a member of the Communist Party, or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. LAWSON. It is unfortunate and tragic that I have to teach this committee the basic principles of American—

The CHAIRMAN. (pounding gavel.) That is not the question. That is not the question. The question is: Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. LAWSON. I am framing my answer in the only way in which any American citizen can frame his answer to a question which absolutely invades his rights.

The CHAIRMAN. Then you refuse to answer that question; is that correct?

Mr. LAWSON. I have told you that I will offer my beliefs, affiliations, and everything else to the American public, and they will know where I stand.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Excuse the witness—

Mr. LAWSON. As they do from what I have written.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Stand away from the stand—

Mr. LAWSON. I have written Americanism for many years, and I shall continue to fight for the Bill of Rights, which you are trying to destroy.

The CHAIRMAN. Officers, take this man away from the stand—

(Applause and boos.)

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). There will be no demonstrations. No demonstrations, for or against. Everyone will please be seated.

All right, go ahead, Mr. Stripling. Proceed.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, the committee has made exhaustive investigation and research into the Communist affiliations of Mr. John Howard Lawson. Numerous witnesses under oath have identified Mr. Lawson as a member of the Communist Party.

I have here a nine-page memorandum which details at length his affiliations with the Communist Party and its various front organizations.

I now ask that Mr. Louis J. Russell, an investigator for the committee, take the stand.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Russell, raise your right hand, please.

Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. RUSSELL. I do. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Your name is Louis J. Russell?

Mr. RUSSELL. That is right.

Mr. STIPLING. You are a member of the investigative staff of the Committee on Un-American Activities?

Mr. RUSSELL. I am.

Mr. STRIPLING. You were formerly with the FBI for 10 years?

Mr. RUSSELL. I was.

Mr. STRIPLING. Were you detailed to make an investigation as to the Communist Party affiliations of John Howard Lawson?

Mr. RUSSELL. I was.

Mr. STRIPLING. What did your investigation disclose?

Mr. RUSSELL. During the course of my investigation and the investigation conducted by the committee, we were furnished—or I was—with copies of Communist Party registration cards pertaining to certain individuals for the year 1944.

The CHAIRMAN. Speak louder, please.

Mr. RUSSELL. One of those cards bears the number "47275" and is made out in the name of John Howard Lawson, 4542 Coldwater Canyon; city, Los Angeles; county, Los Angeles; State, California. There is a notation contained on this registration card: "New card issued on December 10, 1944." . . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF DALTON TRUMBO

Mr. TRUMBO. May I request of the Chair the opportunity to read a statement into the record?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes. May we see your statement?

Mr. TRUMBO. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. To determine whether it is pertinent to the inquiry.

(Statement handed to the chairman.)

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you have a copy?

Mr. CRUM. (addressing Mr. Trumbo). Do you have an extra copy for Mr. Stripling?

Mr. TRUMBO. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair is ready to rule.

Mr. TRUMBO. I beg your pardon, sir?

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Trumbo, we have looked over this statement very carefully. It has been our practice to permit witnesses to read statements that are pertinent to the inquiry, that is, the alleged infiltration of communism in the moving-picture industry.

We have read your statement here. We have concluded, and unanimously so, that this statement is not pertinent to the inquiry. Therefore, the Chair will rule that the statement will not be read.

Mr. TRUMBO. The Chair has considered a statement from Gerald L. K. Smith to be pertinent to its inquiries.

The CHAIRMAN. That statement is out of order.

Mr. TRUMBO. And where is mine different from that, sir?

The CHAIRMAN. As a witness, if you conduct yourself like the first witness yesterday, you won't be given the privilege of being a witness before a committee of Congress, before this committee of Congress.

Go ahead Mr. Stripling.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Trumbo—

Mr. TRUMBO. I would like to know what it is that is in my statement that this committee fears be read to the American people?

The CHAIRMAN. Go ahead, Mr. Stripling, ask a question—

Mr. TRUMBO. I have some evidence to introduce—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Ask one question, Mr. Stripling—

Mr. TRUMBO. I should like to introduce evidence—

The CHAIRMAN. (pounding gavel). You are out of order.

Mr. STRIPLING. State your name, please.

Mr. TRUMBO. Dalton Trumbo.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your present address?

Mr. TRUMBO. 329 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born, sir?

Mr. TRUMBO. I was born in Montrose, Colo., on December 9, 1905.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation?

Mr. TRUMBO. My occupation is that of a writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been in the motion picture industry as a writer?

Mr. TRUMBO. I believe since 1934 or '35.

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. TRUMBO. At this point, sir, I should like to introduce certain evidence bearing upon this case—

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman—

Mr. TRUMBO. I—

Mr. STRIPLING. Just a moment please—

Mr. TRUMBO. I should like to introduce statements—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Now, just a minute—

Mr. TRUMBO. About my work—

The CHAIRMAN. What was the question—

Mr. TRUMBO. From General Arnold of the Army Air Forces—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Now, just a minute—

Mr. TRUMBO. From a municipal judge—

The CHAIRMAN.(pounding gavel). Just a moment. The Chair wants to find out what the question was and to see whether your answer is pertinent to the question. What was the question?

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Trumbo, I shall ask various questions, all of which can be answered "Yes" or "No." If you want to give an explanation after you have made that answer, I feel sure that the committee will agree to that.

However, in order to conduct this hearing in an orderly fashion, it is necessary that you be responsive to the question, without making a speech in response to each question.

Mr. TRUMBO. I understand, Mr. Stripling. However, your job is to ask questions and mine is to answer them. I shall answer "Yes" or "No," if I please to answer. I shall answer in my own words. Very many questions can be answered "Yes" or "No" only by a moron or a slave.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair agrees with your point, that you need not answer the questions "Yes" or "No"—

Mr. TRUMBO. Thank you, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Go ahead, Mr. Stripling. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. TRUMBO. Mr. Stripling, the rights of American labor to inviolably secret membership lists have been won in this country by a great cost of blood and a great cost in terms of hunger. These rights have become an American tradition. Over the Voice of America we have broadcast to the entire world the freedom of our labor.

The CHAIRMAN. Are you answering the question or are you making another speech?

Mr. TRUMBO. Sir, I am truly answering the question.

The CHAIRMAN. Because if you want to make another speech we can find a corner right up here where you can make some of these speeches.

Mr. TRUMBO. I would be willing to do that, too.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, now, what was the question, Mr. Stripling?

Mr. STRIPLING. The question, Mr. Chairman, is—I asked Mr. Trumbo if he is a member of the Screen Writers Guild.

Mr. TRUMBO. You asked me a question which would permit you to haul every union member in the United States up here to identify himself as a union member, to subject him to future intimidation and coercion. This, I believe, is an unconstitutional question.

The CHAIRMAN. Now, are you making another speech, or is that the answer?

Mr. TRUMBO. This is my answer, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, can't you answer: Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild, by saying "Yes" or "No," or I think so, or maybe, or something like that?

Mr. TRUMBO. Mr. Chairman, I should like to accommodate you. May I try to answer the question again?

The CHAIRMAN. Well, we would certainly like to have you accomodate us.

Mr. TRUMBO. If there were a committee of Congress, all the members of which had voted in favor of the Taft-Hartley bill—

Mr. McDOWELL. Oh, that isn't answering the question.

(The chairman pounding gavel.)

Mr. TRUMBO. It might be considered that committee was hostile to labor.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Now, Mr. Trumbo—

Mr. McDOWELL. It is no disgrace, you know, to identify yourself as a member of a labor union in the United States. Most of us belong to something.

The CHAIRMAN. Now the question is, Mr. Trumbo: Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. TRUMBO. Mr. Chairman, I would not consider it a disgrace to be a member of a labor union.

Mr. McDOWELL. Of course he wouldn't.

Mr. TRUMBO. But labor unions have the right to secrecy of their membership lists. . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. TRUMBO. I repeat—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Excuse the witness—

Mr. STRIPLING. Just a moment, Mr. Chairman—

Mr. TRUMBO. Am I excused?

Mr. STRIPLING. I have more questions—

Mr. TRUMBO. Am I excused, or not?

The CHAIRMAN. No; just a minute. The chief investigator wants to ask some questions.

Mr. STRIPLING. Just a moment. I have some other questions, Mr. Trumbo, that I would like to ask you.

Are you now, or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. TRUMBO. Mr. Chairman, first I should like to know whether the quality of my last answer was acceptable, since I am still on the stand?

The CHAIRMAN. This hasn't got anything to do with your answer to the last question.

Mr. TRUMBO. I see.

The CHAIRMAN. This is a new question, now.

Mr. TRUMBO. I see.

Mr. Stripling, you must have some reason for asking this question—

Mr. McDOWELL. Yes, we do.

Mr. TRUMBO. You do.

I understand that members of the press have been given an alleged Communist Party card belonging to me—is that true?

Mr. STRIPLING. That is not true.

The CHAIRMAN. You are not asking the question—

Mr. TRUMBO. I was.

The CHAIRMAN. The chief investigator is asking the questions.

Mr. TRUMBO. I beg your pardon, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. TRUMBO. I believe I have the right to be confronted with any evidence which supports this question. I should like to see what you have.

The CHAIRMAN. Oh. Well, you would!

Mr. TRUMBO. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, you will, pretty soon.

(Laughter and applause.)

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). The witness is excused. Impossible.

Mr. TRUMBO. This is the beginning—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Just a minute—

Mr. TRUMBO. Of an American concentration camp.

The CHAIRMAN. This is typical Communist tactics. This is typical Communist tactics. (pounding gavel).

(Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN. Now, there will be no demonstration from the persons in the audience. People in the audience are the guests of this committee. This is a congressional committee and we must maintain order. Those standing up or walking around will please sit down.

Mr. Stripling, put on the next witness.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, I would like to place into the record the affiliations of Mr. Trumbo with the Communist Party. . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF ALVAH BESSIE

The CHAIRMAN. Sit down, please. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. We will move on to the $64 question. Mr. Bessie.

Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BESSIE. Mr. Stripling and gentlemen of the committee, unless it has been changed since yesterday in our country, we have a secret ballot; and I do not believe this committee has any more right to inquire into my political affiliations than I believe an election official has the right to go into the voting booth and examine the ballot which has been marked by the voter. General Eisenhower himself has refused to reveal his political affiliations, and what is good enough for General Eisenhower is good enough for me.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Bessie, this committee has officially found that the Communist Party in the United States is not a political party but is, in fact, the agent of a foreign government. I will ask you again: Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BESSIE. Mr. Stripling, if you did not understand the answer to my question— . . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, again I will ask Mr. Russell to take the stand. . . . . .

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Now, the Chair at this point would like to make a brief recapitulation with reference to the committee's investigation of Communist influences in the motion-picture industry.

Responding to the demand of the people, the present Committee on Un-American Activities made a preliminary investigation which produced ample evidence that a full-scale investigation was in order of the extent of Communist infiltration in Hollywood.

This committee has utilized the services of trained investigators, all former FBI agents, to assemble this evidence in this manner.

The committee's authority to conduct such an investigation, under authority of Public Law 601, is crystal clear.

We have not violated and we are not violating the rights of any American citizen, not even the rights of the Communists whose first allegiance is to a foreign government.

The committee is well aware that powerful influences have sought in every manner to divert this committee from its main course of inquiry.

I am proud to say that this committee has not been swayed, intimidated, or influenced by either Hollywood glamor, pressure groups, threats, ridicule, or high-pressure tactics on the part of high-paid puppets and apologists for certain elements of the motion-picture industry.

The people are going to get the facts, just as I announced on the opening day.

This committee has now been sitting for 7 days. Last week we

had before us 20 witnesses, all of whom had been subpenaed, all of whom were tops in their profession, and all from Hollywood. They are among our most prominent producers, directors, writers, and actors. Their names stand high, not only in Hollywood, but throughout the world, as great entertainers and producers of entertainment. They certainly had more at stake in Hollywood than some of the actors who have descended upon Washington, with stars and starlets to bowl over a committee of the Congress of the United States who dared to put the spotlight on the Communist foreign agents operating within their very industry.

These prominent Americans who appeared the first week, all from the industry, are the ones who leveled the charges; it wasn't the committee.

And now, in the second week, when those who have been accused publicly, openly, of being Communists and of attempting to utilize the motion picture for the furtherance of a ruthless dictatorship, have they come before this committee and answered these charges? No. They have come as Comminists always do and scream, "Bill of Rights," "Constitution," and vilify those who would seek to expose them.

There can be no doubt in anyone's mind who has attended these meetings that Mr. Lawson, Mr. Trumbo, Mr. Bessie, and Mr. Maltz, are Communists. They have been Communists for a long while and they will continue to be Communists, serving not the best interests of the United States, but the best interests of a foreign government.

Oh, yes, the paid apologists for these people have employed full-page ads in an effort to distort and to divert the beam of exposure which they saw was descending upon them from this committee. This is to state to the American people and to everyone concerned that this beam is not going to be turned off or shut off until all the Communists in Hollywood are exposed. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF HERBERT BIBERMAN

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Biberman, will you state your full name and present address, please?

Mr. BIBERMAN. Herbert Joseph Biberman, 3259 Deronda Drive, Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born, Mr. Biberman?

Mr. BIBERMAN. I was born within a stone's throw of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, on the day when Mr. McKinley was inaugurated as President of the United States, March 4, 1900, on the second floor of a building at Sixth and South, over a grocery store.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Biberman, would you assure the committee that you will be as detailed and specific in all your answers?

Mr. BIBERMAN. I assure you I will be as detailed and specific in answers to any questions you direct at me.

Mr. Chairman. I have a statement here which I feel has the greatest relevance to the subject of this inquiry and to the chairman's remark of this morning.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you fully identified this witness?

Mr. BIBERMAN. I would—

The CHAIRMAN (sounding gavel). Just a minute. Have you fully identified this witness?

Mr. STRIPLING. No, sir; I haven't.

The CHAIRMAN. Then continue to identify him.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation?

Mr. BIBERMAN. I am a director, a producer, and a writer—in the theater in the past and in motion pictures at present.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been in the motion-picture industry?

Mr. BIBERMAN. Since 1935, January 2.

Mr. STRIPLING. You have been a writer?

Mr. BIBERMAN. I have been a writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. Have you been a member of the Screen Writers' Guild?

Mr. BIBERMAN. Mr. Chairman, I have a statement here I ask you to look at. Would you kindly do that now?

(Statement handed to the chairman.)

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Biberman, this statement is clearly not pertinent. If another case—

Mr. BIBERMAN. You mean because it is directly on the subject, Mr. Chairman?

The CHAIRMAN. It is another case of vilification, and therefore will not be read.

Mr. BIBERMAN. There is no vilification in this statement. I feel your refusal to allow me to read it is a shameful and cowardly act.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Next question, Mr. Stripling.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Biberman, are you a member of the Screen Writers' Guild or have you ever been a member of the Screen Writers' Guild?

Mr. BIBERMAN. Mr. Stripling, I would like to reply to this very quietly—Mr. Chairman, also. If I will not be interrupted, I will attempt to give you a full answer to this question.

It has become very clear to me that the real purpose of this investigation—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). That is not an answer to the question—

Mr. BIBERMAN. Into the component parts—

THE CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Not the question—

Mr. BIBERMAN. Of the motion-picture industry.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Ask him the next question.

Mr. BIBERMAN. And by defending my constitutional rights here I am defending—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Go ahead and ask him the next question.

Mr. BIBERMAN. The right not only of ourselves—

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a member—

Mr. BIBERMAN. But of the producers and of the American people.

Mr. STRIPLING. Of the Communist Party?

The CHAIRMAN. Are you a member of the Communist Party or have you ever been?

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a member—

Mr. BIBERMAN. What is the question now?

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BIBERMAN. It is perfectly clear, gentlemen, that if you continue in this particular fashion— . . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. No. You can answer the question "Yes" or "No." That is a very simple question.

Mr. BIBERMAN. Mr. Chairman, I would be very suspicious of any answer that came out of my mouth that pleased this committee.

Mr. STRIPLING. I would, too.

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). All right, you are excused. Take him away.

Next witness. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF DORE SCHARY

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Schary, will you please state your full name and present address?

Mr. SCHARY. Dore Schary, 12850 Marlboro Street, West Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. You are accompanied by counsel?

Mr. SCHARY. As a representative of the motion-picture business, I have with me Mr. McNutt, who has been chosen to represent the motion-picture industry.

Mr. STRIPLING. And he is your counsel?

Mr. SCHARY. I don't think I need a counsel, but he is here to represent me.

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you desire him to be there with you?

Mr. SCHARY. Yes; I do. Thank you.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born, Mr. Schary?

Mr. SCHARY. I was born in Newark, N. J., August 31, 1905.

Mr. STRIPLING. And what is your present occupation?

Mr. SCHARY. My present position is executive in charge of production at RKO.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been with RKO?

Mr. SCHARY. As executive?

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes.

Mr. SCHARY. Since January 1, 1947.

Mr. STRIPLING. What did you do before you came to RKO?

Mr. SCHARY. Before—immediately before I came to RKO I was employed by David O. Selznick as a producer. I was with him for a period of 3 years during which time I produced the following films: *I'll Be Seeing You, The Spiral Staircase, Till the End of Time, The Farmer's Daughter,* and *Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer.*

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Schary, were you ever at any time a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. SCHARY. Yes; I was. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Schary, are you acquainted with Hanns Eisler?

Mr. SCHARY. I know him.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did you ever employ Hanns Eisler?

Mr. SCHARY. No. He was employed at the studio shortly after I got there. His employment was not made by me. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Have you ever heard that Hanns Eisler was a Communist?

Mr. SCHARY. I did not hear it until the recent investigations.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Eisler—this committee held hearings on Hanns Eisler for 3 days, and I think the committee submitted voluminous evidence showing that Mr. Eisler had been engaged in Communist activities for many years; that he was the head of the International Music Bureau with headquarters in the Soviet Union: that he had engaged in various cultural or musical activities in the United States which had as their purpose the undermining of our system of government.

I believe it was brought out at the hearing that Mr. Eisler received $26,000 for various scores which he had written for RKO-Keiths.

Now, as an executive of RKO-Keiths, what is the policy of your company with regard to the employment of people who are notoriously international Communists?

Mr. SCHARY. That policy, I imagine, will have to be determined by the president, by the board, and by myself. I can tell you personally what I feel. Up until the time it is proved that a Communist is a man dedicated to the overthrow of the Government by force or violence, or by any illegal methods, I cannot make any determination of his employment on any other basis except whether he is qualified best to do the job I want him to do. . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. All right. Well, supposing it is not called to your attention that the Communist Party is dedicated to the overthrow of the Government by force or violence, but knowing the record of Hanns Eisler—just think in terms of Hanns Eisler—having read what you have about Hanns Eisler, are you willing to rehire Hanns Eisler?

Mr. SCHARY. Well, you get into a completely different area. You are confusing me between a matter of a principle and a matter of whether I would, as an executive in charge of motion pictures, hire Hanns Eisler.

The CHAIRMAN. I am talking about you now as an executive.

Mr. SCHARY. As an executive, I can only repeat and maintain that position, Mr. Chairman, which I think is a very rational position as a citizen. I will hire only those people I believe best qualified for their jobs until it is proven, until it is a matter of record, and if that record is shown to me of course I would not hire anyone who is dedicated to the overthrow of the Government by force.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, but supposing we can prove that Hanns Eisler was a Communist and was very active as an international Communist—

Mr. SCHARY. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. But there has never been any proof, we will say, that he advocated, personally advocated, the overthrow of the Government by force or violence.

Mr. SCHARY. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. Knowing the record as you do—in all newspapers now—would you rehire Hanns Eisler?

Mr. SCHARY. I have to answer that in two parts, and I again don't want to seem evasive.

One part is that I don't know whether I would hire Mr. Hanns Eisler because of his particular qualifications as a musician. The second, there has been a ruling, I believe, in the Supreme Court which prohibits me as an American to arbitrarily refuse employment to a man purely because of his politics. I believe that was adjudicated by the Supreme Court and I cannot, as an American, refuse that.

What I might feel personally about that would be another thing.

The CHAIRMAN. Therefore, assuming that Hanns Eisler is a great artist; assuming also that he is a Communist, you would not hesitate to rehire him?

Mr. SCHARY. I would not hesitate to rehire him if it was not proven that he was a foreign agent. I would still maintain his right to think politically as he chooses.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you ever heard of Rip Van Winkle?

Mr. SCHARY. Yes, sir; many years ago.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, I want to tell you something. If some people in the United States don't wake up and get out of the long sleep we will find some of the difficulties here that they have encountered in France and Italy and Yugoslavia and Poland and Finland, and some of these South American countries. It is the Rip Van Winkle opinion that has been permitting communism to grow throughout the world the way it has.

That is all.

(Loud applause.)

Mr. SCHARY. May I comment for a moment on that, Mr. Chairman?

The CHAIRMAN. Your answers need no comment. They are very clear.

Mr. SCHARY. I don't think you are being fair and I think I should be permitted to comment on that.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, go ahead and comment, then.

Mr. SCHARY. What I feel about that is this: That I have been opposed to Communists. I am not a Communist. I have never been a Communist. I never contemplated becoming a Communist, and I am opposed to Communists. I have fought the Communist line at any time that I have seen it become apparent. I fought in 1940 when it was very apparent, and I have fought it in any possible way I can, and I shall continue to fight it, but I believe, along with most American citizens, as Mr. Vail pointed out today, that it is not as great a danger as some people believe it to be. I think the American people resent it. I don't think communism has anything to offer the American people, and that is why I don't think it is as dangerous as some people do. . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Schary, do you think or do you consider that there is any Communist influence in the motion-picture industry in any field, which is definitely a disrupting influence or force within the motion-picture industry?

Mr. SCHARY. I think there are Communists in Hollywood. No one at any time would care to deny that. That has been testified here, and I would be glad to testify that I believe there are Communists in Hollywood, but again testimony has revealed that these people at any time they have tried to dominate guilds and unions have been defeated.

I think the large segment of Hollywood—some of them may be left of center, some right, but they are essentially middle-of-the-road people.

Whenever the Communist attempts to dominate any organization in Hollywood he is defeated and for that reason, while I believe there are Communists, I don't think they have any weight either in the organizations of Hollywood or in the actual things that appear on the screen.

I think that since we are investigating impartially—and I shall be very happy to continue that investigation impartially—we should talk about the actual things that get on the screen and I think to that end, I don't know of any subversive films ever made, I just don't. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF RING LARDNER, JR., ACCOMPANIED BY COUNSEL MR. KENNY AND MR. CRUM

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lardner, will you please state your full name and present address?

Mr. LARDNER. Ring W. Lardner, Jr., 325 Georgina Avenue, Santa Monica, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born, Mr. Lardner?

Mr. LARDNER. On August 19, 1915, in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation?

Mr. LARDNER. A writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been a writer?

Mr. LARDNER. I have been a writer about 10 years.

Mr. Chairman, I have a short statement I would like to make.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you completed the identification?

Mr. STRIPLING. That is sufficient.

(The witness hands statement to the chairman.)

Mr. CRUM. Have you a copy for Mr. Stripling?

Mr. LARDNER. Yes

(The witness hands statement to Mr. Stripling.)

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Lardner, the committee is unanimous in the fact that after you testify you may read your statement.

Mr. LARDNER. Thank you. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lardner, are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LARDNER. Mr. Stripling, I want to be cooperative about this, but there are certain limits to my cooperation. I don't want to help you divide or smash this particular guild, or to infiltrate the motion-picture business in any way for the purpose which seems to me to be to try to control that business, to control what the American people can see and hear in their motion-picture theaters.

The CHAIRMAN. Now, Mr. Lardner, don't do like the others, if I were you, or you will never read your statement. I would suggest—

Mr. LARDNER. Mr. Chairman, let me—

The CHAIRMAN. You be responsive to the question.

Mr. LARDNER. I am—

The CHAIRMAN. The question is, and I will ask it; I will repeat the question.

Mr. LARDNER. All right.

The CHAIRMAN. The question is: Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild?

Mr. LARDNER. But I understood you to say that I would be permitted to read the statement, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN. Yes; after you are finished with the questions

and answers—

Mr. LARDNER. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. But you certainly haven't answered the questions.

Mr. LARDNER. Well, I am going to answer the questions but I don't think you qualified in any way your statement that I would be allowed to read this statement.

The CHAIRMAN. Then I will qualify it now. If you refuse to answer the questions then you will not read your statement.

Mr. LARDNER. Well, I know that is an indirect way of saying you don't want me to read the statement.

The CHAIRMAN. Then you know right now you are not going to answer the question; is that correct?

Mr. LARDNER. No; I am going to answer the question.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, then; answer that question.

Mr. LARDNER. All right sir. I think these points I am bringing out are relevant to the question because I have to consider why the question is asked— . . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. You are a witness, aren't you? Aren't you a witness?

Mr. LARDNER. Mr. Chairman—

The CHAIRMAN. Aren't you a witness here?

Mr. LARDNER. Yes; I am.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, then, a congressional committee is asking you: Are you a member of the Screen Writers Guild? Now you answer it "yes" or "no."

Mr. LARDNER. Well, I am saying that in order to answer that—

The CHAIRMAN. All right, put the next question. Go to the $64 question.

The WITNESS. I haven't—

The CHAIRMAN. Go to the next question.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lardner, are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. LARDNER. Well, I would like to answer that question, too.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Lardner, the charge has been made before this committee that the Screen Writers Guild which, according to the record, you are a member of, whether you admit it or not, has a number of individuals in it who are members of the Communist Party. This committee is seeking to determine the extent of Communist infiltration in the Screen Writers Guild and in other guilds within the motion-picture industry.

Mr. LARDNER. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. And certainly the question of whether or not you are a member of the Communist Party is very pertinent. Now, are you a member or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. LARDNER. It seems to me you are trying to discredit the Screen Writers Guild through me and the motion-picture industry through the Screen Writers Guild and our whole practice of freedom of expression.

Mr. STRIPLING. If you and others are members of the Communist Party you are the ones who are discrediting the Screen Writers Guild.

Mr. LARDNER. I am trying to answer the question by stating first what I feel about the purpose of the question which, as I say, is to discredit the whole motion-picture industry.

The CHAIRMAN. You won't say anything first. You are refusing to answer this question.

Mr. LARDNER. I am saying my understanding is as an American resident—

The CHAIRMAN. Never mind your understanding. There is a question: Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. LARDNER. I could answer exactly the way you want, Mr. Chairman—

The CHAIRMAN. No—

Mr. LARDNER (continuing). But I think that is a—

The CHAIRMAN. It is not a question of our wanting you to answer that. It is a very simple question. Anybody would be proud to answer it—any real American would be proud to answer the question. "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party"—any real American.

Mr. LARDNER. It depends on the circumstances. I could answer it, but if I did I would hate myself in the morning.

The CHAIRMAN. Leave the witness chair.

Mr. LARDNER. It was a question that would—

The CHAIRMAN. Leave the witness chair.

Mr. LARDNER. Because it is a question—

The CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel). Leave the witness chair.

Mr. LARDNER. I think I am leaving by force.

The CHAIRMAN. Sergeant, take the witness away.

(Applause)

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Stripling, next witness.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Russell, will you take the stand, please? . . .

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TESTIMONY OF BERTHOLD BRECHT
(ACCOMPANIED BY COUNSEL, MR. KENNY AND MR. CRUM)

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Brecht, will you please state your full name and present address for the record, please? Speak into the microphone.

Mr. BRECHT. My name is Berthold Brecht. I am living at 34 West Seventy-third Street, New York. I was born in Augsburg, Germany, February 10, 1898. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Now, Mr. Brecht, will you state to the committee whether or not you are a citizen of the United States?

Mr. BRECHT. I am not a citizen of the United States; I have only my first papers. . . . . .

I had to leave Germany in 1933, in February, when Hitler took power. Then I went to Denmark but when war seemed imminent in '39 I had to leave for Sweden, Stockholm. I remained there for 1 year and then Hitler invaded Norway and Denmark and I had to leave Sweden and I went to Finland, there to wait for my visa for the United States.

Mr. STRIPLING. Now, Mr. Brecht. What is your occupation?

Mr. BRECHT. I am a playwright and a poet.

Mr. STRIPLING. A playwright and a poet?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Where are you presently employed?

Mr. BRECHT. I am not employed.

Mr. STRIPLING. Were you ever employed in the motion-picture industry?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; I — yes. I sold a story to a Hollywood firm, "Hangmen Also Die", but I did not write the screen-play myself. I am not a professional screen-play writer. I wrote another story for a Hollywood firm but that story was not produced.

Mr. STRIPLING. "Hangmen Also Die" — whom did you sell to, what studio?

Mr. BRECHT. That was to, I think, an independent firm, Pressburger at United Artists. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Brecht, are you a member of the Communist Party or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BRECHT. May I read my statement? I will answer this question but may I read my statement?

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you submit your statement to the chairman?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. All right, let's see the statement.

(Mr. Brecht hands the statement to the chairman.)

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Brecht, the committee has carefully gone over the statement. It is a very interesting story of German life but it is not at all pertinent to this inquiry. Therefore, we do not care to have you read the statement. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Now, I will repeat the original question. Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party of any country?

Mr. BRECHT. Mr. Chairman, I have heard my colleagues when they considered this question not as proper, but I am a guest in this country and do not want to enter into any legal arguments, so I will answer your question fully as well as I can.

I was not a member or am not a member of any Communist Party.

The CHAIRMAN. Your answer is, then, that you have never been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BRECHT. That is correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. You were not a member of the Communist Party in Germany?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I was not.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Brecht, is it true that you have written a number of very revolutionary poems, plays, and other writings?

Mr. BRECHT. I have written a number of poems and songs and plays in the fight against Hitler and, of course, they can be considered, therefore, as revolutionary because I, of course, was for the overthrow of that government.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Stripling, we are not interested in any works that he might have written advocating the overthrow of Germany or the government there.

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes; I understand.

Well, from an examination of the works which Mr. Brecht has

written, particularly in collaboration with Mr. Hanns Eisler, he seems to be a person of international importance to the Communist revolutionary movement.

Now, Mr. Brecht, is it true or do you know whether or not you have written articles which have appeared in publications in the Soviet zone of Germany within the past few months?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I do not remember to have written such articles. I have not seen any of them printed. I have not written any such articles just now. I write very few articles, if any.

Mr. STRIPLING. I have here, Mr. Chairman, a document which I will hand to the translator and ask him to identify it for the committee and to refer to an article which appears on page 72.

Mr. BRECHT. May I speak to that publication?

Mr. STRIPLING. I beg your pardon?

Mr. BRECHT. May I explain this publication?

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes. Will you identify the publication?

Mr. BRECHT. Oh, yes. That is not an article, that is a scene out of a play I wrote in, I think, 1937 or 1938 in Denmark. The play is called "Private Life of the Master Race", and this scene is one of the scenes out of this play about a Jewish woman in Berlin in the year of '36 or '37. It was, I see, printed in the magazine *Ost und West*, July 1946.

Mr. STRIPLING. Have many of your writings been based upon philosophy of Lenin and Marx?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I don't think that is quite correct, but, of course, I studied, had to study as a playwright who wrote historical plays. I, of course, had to study Marx's ideas about history. I do not think intelligent plays today can be written without such study. Also, history written now is vitally influenced by the studies of Marx about history.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Brecht, since you have been in the United States, have you attended any Communist Party meetings?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I don't think so.

Mr. STRIPLING. You don't think so?

Mr. BRECHT. No.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, aren't you certain?

Mr. BRECHT. No — I am certain; yes.

The CHAIRMAN. You are certain you have never been to Communist Party meetings?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; I think so. I am here 6 years — I am here those — I do not think so. I do not think that I attended political meetings.

The CHAIRMAN. No; never mind the political meetings, but have you attended any Communist meetings in the United States?

Mr. BRECHT. I do not think so; no.

The CHAIRMAN. You are certain?

Mr. BRECHT. I think I am certain.

The CHAIRMAN. You think you are certain?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; I have not attended such meetings, in my opinion.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Brecht, can you tell the committee when you entered this country, did you make a statement to the Immigration Service concerning your past affiliations?

Mr. BRECHT. I don't remember to have made such a statement, but I think I made the usual statements that I did not want to or did not intend to overthrow the American Government. I might have been asked whether I belonged to the Communist Party. I don't remember to have been asked, but I would have answered what I have told you that I was not. That is what I remember.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did they ask you whether or not you had ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. BRECHT. I don't remember.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did they ask you whether or not you had ever been to the Soviet?

Mr. BRECHT. I think they asked me, yes; and I told them.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did they question you about your writings?

Mr. BRECHT. No; not as I remember no; they did not. I don't remember any discussion about literature.

Mr. STRIPLING. Now, you stated you sold the book, the story, "Hangmen Also Die", to United Artists; is that correct?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; to an independent firm; yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did Hanns Eisler do the background music for *Hangmen Also Die?*

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; he did.

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you recall who starred in that picture?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I do not.

Mr. STRIPLING. You don't even remember who played the leading role in the picture?

Mr. BRECHT. I think Brian Donlevy played it.

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you remember any of the other actors or actresses who were in it?

Mr. BRECHT. No; I do not. You see, I had not very much to do with filmization itself. I wrote the story and then gave to the script writers some advice about the background of Nazis, nazism in Czechoslovakia, so I had nothing to do with the actors.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Stripling, can we hurry this along? We have a very heavy schedule this afternoon.

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes.

Now, Mr. Brecht, since you have been in the United States have you contributed articles to any Communist publications in the United States?

Mr. BRECHT. I don't think so; no.

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you familiar with the magazine *New Masses?*

Mr. BRECHT. No.

Mr. STRIPLING. You never heard of it?

Mr. BRECHT. Yes; of course.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did you ever contribute anything to it?

Mr. BRECHT. No.

Mr. STRIPLING. Did they ever publish any of your work?

Mr. BRECHT. That I do not know. They might have published some translation of a poem, but I had no direct connection with it, nor did I send them anything. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, we have here —

Mr. BRECHT. I was an independent writer and wanted to be an independent writer and I point that out and also theoretically, I think, it was the best for me not to join any party whatever. And all these things you read here were not only written for the German communists, but they were also written for workers of any other kind; Social Democrat workers were in these performances; so were Catholic workers from Catholic unions; so were workers which never had been in a party or didn't want to go into a party. . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. Do you recall anyone ever having asked you to join the Communist Party?

Mr. BRECHT. Some people might have suggested it to me, but then I found out that it was not my business.

The CHAIRMAN. Who were those people who asked you to join the Communist Party?

Mr. BRECHT. Oh, readers.

The CHAIRMAN. Who?

Mr. BRECHT. Readers of my poems or people from the audiences. You mean — there was never an official approach to me to publish —

The CHAIRMAN. Some people did ask you to join the Communist Party.

Mr. KENNY. In Germany. (Aside to witness.)

Mr. BRECHT. In Germany, you mean in Germany?

The CHAIRMAN. No; I mean in the United States.

Mr. BRECHT. No, no, no.

The CHAIRMAN. He is doing all right. He is doing much better than many other witnesses you have brought here. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. I would like to ask Mr. Brecht whether or not he wrote a poem, a song, rather, entitled, "Forward, We've Not Forgotten".

Mr. BRECHT. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Would the committee like me to read that?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes; without objection, go ahead.

Mr. STRIPLING (reading):

Forward, we've not forgotten our strength in the fights we've won;

No matter what may threaten, forward, not forgotten how strong we are as one;

Only these our hands now acting, build the road, the walls, the towers. All the world is of our making.

What of it can we call ours?

Forward. March on to the tower, through the city, by land the world;

Forward. Advance it on. Just whose city is the city? Just whose world is the world?

Forward, we've not forgotten our union in hunger and pain, no matter what may threaten, forward, we've not forgotten.

We have a world to gain. We shall free the world of shadow; every shop and every room, every road and every meadow.

All the world will be our own.

Did you write that, Mr. Brecht?

Mr. BRECHT. No I wrote a German poem, but that is very different from this. (Laughter.)

Mr. STRIPLING. That is all the questions I have, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you very much, Mr. Brecht. You are a good example to the witnesses of Mr. Kenny and Mr. Crum. . . . . ■

Marshall McLuhan Makes a Movie

Hearing rumours that Marshall McLuhan had become involved in filmmaking, we sent *Take One* Associate Editor Joe Medjuck (a student of Professor McLuhan's) off to interview him.

Marshall McLuhan: My film projects are slightly embryonic. I am making one on the city. That's the only film I'm actually making. I certainly plan to do some, but first I'm going to get rid of a lot of books. Books that I've already half written or three-quarters written. I've got at least half a dozen to finish off. Then I'm through with books.

Joe Medjuck: Forever?

M.M.: At least I hope so. But anyway, I'm not going to specify the program I have in mind. It's a bit early.

J.M.: When you finish with the books and go into films will you work at acquiring technical expertise?

M.M.: One acquires as much expertise as one has to acquire, that's all. It's the same as writing, or anything, you acquire as much education as is necessary to get the job done.

The city film is being done by people who make ads for tv all the time. I don't think myself that the tv ad is very well adapted to tv. It's mostly done by film people on film terms and for film audiences. No, I think television advertising is in very poor shape. Exceedingly poor shape. And on the other hand I don't feel any great crusading need to improve advertising. Not at all. I just sit back and enjoy the stuff in all its squalor.

The same thing happens to the city as happens to tv and advertising. You put an outer ring of suburb around an old city and this automatically destroys the inner city, that's all. And if you put a new medium around an old one it automatically destroys the old one. In the act of using the old one it destroys it. But in destroying it, it turns it into an art form. Movies are now art form because they've been completely destroyed by tv. Now this is simple fact. TV destroyed radio and radio's now an art form. Glenn Gould makes radio programs. Real arty. Now I just came from the national religious broadcasting convention. They've been using radio for simple religious culture for the last twenty years — just exactly the period of tv. TV turned radio over to them as a serious cultural form. TV will itself be destroyed — wiped out — by some laser-type or some other type, or satellite-type of broadcasting. It will in turn become a respectable art form. The planet has been destroyed by the satellite environment and has become an art form. As art, we now recognize it as polluted — it's a mess. We've got to restore this old masterpiece. You see the planet has now been destroyed by the satellite world and has become an old art form. We recognize it as an old masterpiece, but it's been horribly defaced by dealers, restorers, developers, etc., etc. But the earth is capable of being renewed and restored to its original perfection as in the Garden of Eden, so we now see every part of the earth as — it's as if it had gone through the hands of art restorers, you know, an old masterpiece that's been restored by twentieth century vulgarity. And so we're going to improve it to no end. I don't see how you can go any further than that really, having destroyed nature itself by putting satellites around and having now begun to approach the planet as a work of art. That's about as total a project as you can imagine. But that is our immediate program. We're going to reprogram and depollute every part of the planet. And it wasn't begun yesterday. Pollution is not new. Don't forget the Sahara Desert and a few little things like that. The planet's been polluted many times before. Totally. And so we're going to put it in good working shape.

J.M.: I know you don't like to pigeon-hole things, but what is your official title on the city film?

M.M.: Oh, Jane Jacobs and I simply scripted it. That's all. And then we make various suggestions to the makers about footage here and there and E-fects above all — the effects we want. We'll leave the footage very largely to him once he knows the kind of E-fect we want. He's got masses of footage, doesn't have to do much shooting for us.

J.M.: Could you say something about the "optical circus" which I think you're planning to do on film too?

M.M.: That's purely an experimental kind of thing. Again we're thinking of E-fect. We want to find out what will happen if we deprive a picture of all but visual effects, take out all the known visual component. It's like a chemical experiment of isolating a particular element like oxygen from all other elements. You know what happens when you isolate oxygen, you have a very inflammable thing. We're hoping this optical circus will have a startling effect on the other senses, that people on trips — addicts of various types who are playing around with their sensory lives, in the direct contact with this extreme type of sensory thing — will be dislocated out of habits and out of, you know, ways of involvement, that it may disengage them very suddenly, untie them, unhook them, very suddenly, just yank them out. Carpenter tells me — Ted Carpenter — he said that by simply recording a group of natives and playing back their own voices and sounds to them, you can put them through about a thousand years of Western culture in five minutes. It has the effect of a hundred years of literacy, just playing back their own sounds to them, on another medium. Wham. And he said it's somewhat the same with film, if they go out and make their own films and then see them.

We're not sure what's going to happen. It's an experiment, we don't know what'll happen. We don't know whether we can really isolate it [the visual sense] either.

We're temporarily doing a regular scripted job for film but the trouble with film is that it's kinetic. There's a big kinetic component which is non-visual. And so we're experimenting that's all. If we knew what was going to happen, it wouldn't be an experiment.

Again we're still working on it, but we're certainly eliminating colour, which is not a visual component. And we're eliminating perspective, we're eliminating the kinds of space that depend on any of the other senses except sight. And that's not easy. Sight is all mixed in with the other senses. It's very difficult to pull it off. It's an abstract, has to be an extreme film. ■

Children as People

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ALVIN FIERING
Producer-Director
WERNER BUNDSCHUH
Cameraman
JOHN HOLT
Commentary

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John Holt, author of,
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"How Children Learn," and
"The Underachieving School."

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THE POLANSKI PUZZLE

by JOHN ALAN McCARTY

POLANSKI

In his ambitious new book of applied auteur theory, *The American Cinema: Directors and Directions* (Dutton, 1968), Andrew Sarris sums up the career (so far) of Roman Polanski by saying that his "... talent is as undeniable as his intentions are dubious." Critics elsewhere have expressed similar misgivings all based upon their notion that Polanski has not made a distinctly personal film since his initial feature, *Knife in the Water*, which was made in 1962 and found its way to U.S. shores a year later via the first New York Film Festival to be received with paeans of praise from critics and audiences alike.

With the appearance of his second film, *Repulsion*, the critical climate changed when these very same people began, like Sarris, to write Polanski off. Pauline Kael summed up the group feeling best when she declared Polanski to be nothing more nor less than "... a pretender to the commercial throne of Alfred Hitchcock."

Two questions emerge from this overall evaluation of Roman Polanski and his work: (1) What are his intentions? (2) Are they as dubious as charged?

Roman Polanski was born 36 years ago in Paris, the son of Polish parents. His family moved back to Poland when he was three and settled in Krakow. When the Nazi invasion came, both his parents were imprisoned in a concentration camp where his mother subsequently died. Polanski meanwhile had been farmed out to the country to live with strangers.

Roaming about, he became interested in radio and was able to secure a meagre paying job as a child performer. He was thirteen. This job and the contacts he made in it led him into the theatre where he worked as an actor, stage manager, and jack-of-all-trades for six years.

Following the war, his father re-married, but Polanski chose to continue his pursuit of a career in theatre and art instead of returning home to live. Financial support from his father together with funds that he was earning as an actor allowed him to enter school to study painting and graphics. Simultaneously his theatre work had begun to carry over into films, the medium for which he had always had a special fondness. Polanski's associations — as an actor — with Andrzej Wajda (*A Generation, Lotna*), among others, fired within him an ultimate goal, that of becoming a film director, and he succeeded in gaining entrance to the National Film School at Lodz, an aesthetic and practical training ground for filmmakers which was then and still is one of the best schools of its type in the world.

His thesis film *Two Men and a Wardrobe* (1958), an amalgam of surrealistic setting, realistic action, and theatre of the absurd situation in which two men emerge inexplicably from the sea carrying a wardrobe, encounter a world that is hostile not only to them but to itself, and return with despair to the sea from whence they came, afforded him the opportunity to pursue filmmaking professionally. *Two Men and a Wardrobe* was quickly followed by a series of shorts, *When Angels Fall* and *The Lamp* (1959), *The Fat and the Lean* (1961), and *Mammals* (1962), all of which were alternately realistic, surrealistic, comic, fearsome, and heavily influenced by Samuel Beckett and Eugene Ionesco, for whose work Polanski had developed a deep affinity while working in the theatre.

As rich as these films were, Polanski could only manage to offer abbreviations of his more complex themes and techniques. The opportunity to do a full length feature for Film Polski in 1962, however, allowed him to expand his thematic territory and perfect his own stylistic image, an image which owes a debt to radio and Orson Welles (sound), Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali (imagery), and Alfred Hitchcock (montage), but has a distinctive, individual form of its own.

Knife in the Water is the story of Andrzej (Leon Niemczyk), a well-to-do Warsaw journalist who, bound for a yachting weekend with his wife Christine (Jolanta Umecka), encounters a hitchhiking young student (Zygmunt Malanowicz), offers the boy a lift, and subsequently invites him to join them on the rest of the trip. The bulk of the film's action is then confined to the small craft as it drifts out to sea.

The close quarters and their contrasting ages and personalities soon breeds tension between the older man and the youth. Andrzej rightly comes to believe that the student poses a threat to his every personal illusion of economic and sexual status. Christine meanwhile languishes about the deck, an impartial observer, dressed in a bikini. Andrzej's growing desperation erupts into violence and during a struggle the student falls overboard and disappears. Worried, Andrzej goes out to look for him in a lifeboat. The youth, however, had only been concealing himself behind a nearby buoy, and as Andrzej departs the yacht, he sneaks back on board, finds Christine climbing out of her bathing suit to get dressed, and takes her — without resistance. Following this ultimate conquest, he leaves once and for all. Momentarily Andrzej returns, distraught because he thinks the boy has drowned and that he must now go and confess to the police, thereby destroying his career. As they return to port, get in their car, and drive away, Christine at last admits that the student is actually alive; as further evidence, she reveals to her husband the full details of what

The theme of isolation is, in fact, the nucleus of all of Polanski's films.

happened on the boat. Andrzej, however, cannot bring himself to accept her story without facing the destruction of another important illusion — the belief in his superior virility. The car comes to a stop at a junction in the road and remains there as the film ends. To turn right or left — to go home or to the police — to believe his wife or his own eyes? For Andrzej, all directions lead to a dead end.

Although *Knife in the Water* actually emerges in retrospect as Polanski's least completely personal work (due to the influence of his co-writers, Jerzy Skolimowski and Jakub Goldberg, to make the student, rather than Andrzej, the protagonist — a turnabout which invests the story with political implications not to be found in any of Polanski's subsequent films) it nevertheless does contain all that is thematically essential to him.

The expensive yacht, the beautiful young wife who shares it with him, and the private sea upon which it rides started out as status symbols which Andrzej felt compelled to attain. The film begins at that point where he has attained them and where their illusory protectiveness has created for him a private world, a world which is intruded upon by the student, and destroyed. This theme of isolation wherein the protagonist or antagonist's private world is intruded upon by strangers, a situation which always ends in some form of violence, self-destruction, or disaster is, in fact, the nucleus of all of Polanski's films.

In *Cul-de-Sac* (1966), George (Donald Pleasance) a middle-aged misfit, has bought himself a hideaway on the coast of England where he lives with his sensual young wife Teresa (Françoise Dorleac). Their "home", which is totally cut off from the mainland for periods of time when the tide comes in to submerge the causeway entrance under feet of water, is representative of just how far out of step the husband is with society. Then one night a gangster named Dickie (Lionel Stander), who is on the run with a wounded pal named Albie (Jack MacGowran), accidentally finds his way there and decides to stay until the heat is off. Their interloping subsequently results in their deaths and the desertion of the misfit by his wife.

The private world which Polanski explores in *Repulsion* (1965) is a particularly negative one because it is the manifestation of a girl who is going mad. The apartment in which Carol Ledoux (Catherine Deneuve) barricades herself is a nightmarish domain peopled solely by her frustrations, fears, and fantasies until Colin (John Fraser) and the landlord (Patrick Wymark) intrude upon her. She kills them both.

The professor (Jack Macgowran) and his assistant Alfred (Polanski) infiltrate the Transylvanian retreat of Count von Klocken (Ferdy Mayne) in *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (1967) with the intention of exterminating its nest of Undead. Unable to complete the mission due to their incredible ineptitude, the pair then manage to escape, taking Alfred's newly acquired girlfriend (Sharon Tate) along with them, both unaware, however, that she too is a vampire and that they are now going to help spread the very plague they had set out to restrain. And, of course, the intrusion of Rosemary (Mia Farrow) into the secret coven of witches at the Bramford Hotel results in the birth of *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), the anti-Christ symbol of her spiritual downfall.

The Freudian characteristics of these surreal worlds and the emotional dilemmas suffered by the characters within their borders are the elements with which Polanski is most concerned. Because *Repulsion* is Polanski's masterpiece to date and provides a most thorough catalogue of his themes, a consideration of its story will prove useful.

Repulsion appeared five years after *Psycho* (1960), and its involuntary resemblance to the Hitchcock film brought accusations that it was nothing more than an (albeit superior) imitation. Like *Psycho*, *Repulsion* deals with a sexually repressed person, whose neuroses culminate in the grisly slaying of two innocent people, following which the killer loses all touch with reality and retreats into the shell of total madness. The resemblance, however, ends there, for Hitchcock chose to tell his story from the victims' point of view whereas Polanski forced his audience to look through the eyes of the psychotic. The result was a surrealistic phantasmagoria more derivative of Luis Buñuel, whose recent *Belle de Jour* (with Catherine Deneuve again playing the sexually obsessed heroine) seems to return the compliment. Hitchcock's real influence is to be found more in *Knife in the Water* where the concentration on physical objects as symbols, the slow build up of tension, and the action's confinement to a small craft at sea harks back to *Lifeboat* (1943).

Repulsion opens in a beautician's parlor. Carol Ledoux, the protagonist, is manicuring the gnarled hand of a middle-aged woman. Carol's face is blank, devoid of expression, her eyes immobile as if in a trance. Thinking Carol to be ill, the manageress of the parlor sends her home. As Carol walks across town, she passes a group of construction workers, sweaty beneath their dirty undershirts, and is not consciously aware of their lustful glances and cat-calls. But later, during one of her nightmarish hallucinations, a phantom rapist appears to assault her, and this phantom initially bears a resemblance to one of the road men. Most of Carol's encounters with what may or may not be called sex have little or no conscious effect upon her. It is only in her dreams that these impressions are given structure and reality.

Carol lives with her sister, Helene (Yvonne Furneaux), whose personality is quite different. Helene is free living and open, her conscious and unconscious attitudes toward sex in *apparent* agreement. She has a married boyfriend, Michael (Ian Hendry), who spends many a night at the Ledoux apartment. Her bedroom next to Helene's, Carol can't help but overhear the sounds of Helene and Michael's nocturnal diversions. As she lies in bed listening, her reactions show that she is disturbed by these activities. Later it becomes obvious that she is inwardly disgusted by them.

It is at this point that one begins to understand the *structure* of Carol's breeding psychosis. All of her encounters with sex fall into two categories: the sleazy (the jeers of the road men), and the mature (Helene and Michael's intercourse). Carol has had no steady introduction to sex, and this is why she reacts so disturbedly to Colin when he tries to pick her up in a restaurant. Confusing her lack of resistance for assent, he drives her home. While parked outside he makes some casual advances, and Carol is immediately subjected to two disparate emotions: attraction and repulsion. Colin mistakes her confusion for shyness and persists all the more. But when he tries to kiss her, Carol associates this with the "loathsome" act performed by Helene and Michael. She jumps from the car, runs upstairs wiping her mouth, and bursts into the bathroom to brush her teeth.

Colin is mystified and more than a little annoyed for his problem too is one of sexual frustration: he is strongly attracted to her. Colin, however, is a very ordinary person as evidenced by his behavior (his advances toward the girl were gallant to the point of banality). Under different circumstances, he might be good for her. But in view of the present situation and his being such a conventional type, one realizes that he could never begin to understand or cope with Carol's problem (his obsessive attempt to do so leads, in fact, to his death), and this is characteristic of all the important male-female relationships in Polanski's films. His couples are always significantly mismatched due to the neurotic obsession of one partner (or both) for his or her exact opposite, as witness the self-destructive attractions of: the intellectual George for the physical Teresa in *Cul-de-Sac*, the sexually insecure Andrzej for the self-assured Christine in *Knife in the Water*, the deeply religious and unselfish Rosemary for the agnostic and ambitious Guy in *Rosemary's Baby* all the way to the absurdly fatal pairing of the vampire killer Alfred with the Undead Anna in *The Fearless Vampire Killers*.

Carol's psychological state grows worse as she becomes less and less aware of the realities about her. She begins to imagine large cracks in the walls of her apartment. It is here when Carol is straddling the fence between the possibility of recovery and total madness, that Helene and Michael decide to take a holiday together in Italy. Despite her pleadings, Carol is left alone; alone, that is, except for the fantasized rapist who, looking at times like the road worker and then like Michael, soon begins to stalk the flat.

She consciously forces a desk against her bedroom door to prevent the phantom from entering (repulsion), but then unconsciously allows him to break in (attraction). In the morning she finds herself nude upon the floor, the bedroom a shambles as a result of the sexual fury which took place solely in her mind but was physically acted out by her during the night. She becomes the victim of her own confused mind, and, in turn, Colin and the landlord become victims of her — at which point her chances of recovery disappear altogether.

Colin's death is the more horrifying because it is the least "rational". He breaks into her apartment in an effort to learn why she is avoiding him, and when he turns his back to close the door to a nosey neighbor, she picks up the nearest object, a candleholder, and

Polanski's thematic province lies not in the causes of man's neuroses, but in the effects.

splits his skull before he has a chance to assault her — which, of course, Colin had never any intention of doing. His murder is a horrifyingly senseless act.

On the other hand, the landlord, who has come to collect the long overdue rent and interprets the half nude state she greets him in as an invitation, tries to make love to her. Therefore his death could be seen as a conscious attempt by Carol to defend herself. And yet her choice of weapon has an unconscious significance.

Michael's straight-edge razor had been introduced early in the film when Carol found it in the bathroom. As her madness progressed, she became fascinated by it and other sharp objects. Using the razor, she first cut off the head of a rabbit Helene brought home for dinner and stuffed it into her purse, taking it to work with her. Then, at work, she jabbed a customer's finger with a pair of clippers and was immediately drawn to the blood. Finally she murders the rapist landlord by slashing him with the razor, and it is this ultimate act which she had been anticipating ever since her fascination with sharp objects began. The murder is premeditated, a symbolic castration of all men, rendering them incapable of committing the sex act, an act which no longer holds any attraction for Carol but now completely repulses her. The resolution of her emotional conflict causes her mind to dissolve altogether, and she goes into a state of catatonic shock from which she will never return. Polanski makes it quite clear, however, that Carol's own destruction is the greatest tragedy resulting from the creation of and intrusion into her private world.

When Helene returns from the Italian holiday to find Colin's corpse submerged in the bathtub, she becomes numb with horror, her breath rising and falling in sounds identical to those made by a woman reaching sexual climax. From the beginning Carol's disintegration was motivated by a terrible fear of the sex act. Likewise Helene's amoral life style was guided, perhaps, by a subconscious fear of sexual denial. And Michael, because of his limp, was quite possibly driven by a fear of his own physical inadequacy to seek out compensation in sex. The subject of *Repulsion* is the deep and sometimes deadly relationship that exists between sex and fear.

An even more grotesque illustration of this relationship is to be found, oddly enough, in *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, a parody of the horror film genre which reveals more than a trace of Krafft-Ebing through its depiction of vampirism as a fundamentally sexual perversion. Indeed Alfred's seductive girlfriend and Count von Klocken's homosexual son (Iain Quarrier), each of whom use sex to ensnare blood victims, begin as parodies of a type, but wind up owing more to such real life "vampires" as Countess Elizabeth Bathory and Gilles de Rais than the fictional fiends of Bram Stoker and Sheridan LeFanu.

Although this implication does add greater thematic dimension, the strength of its bite proves ultimately lethal to the parody. Some of Polanski's gags are quite funny (the Jewish vampire undaunted by the cross; the tons of protective garlic strung everywhere which have no effect upon vampires but practically suffocate everyone else), and yet the comedy overall suffers due to this internal conflict of approach. The finale in which the vampires rise from their tombs to come together in the castle's ballroom for a pre-conquest dance and celebration offers the best example of this conflict. As Alfred and the professor clumsily grope their way through the swirling crowd of waltzing Undead to find some route of escape, one is aware of the comic intent. But the figures of the vampires themselves dressed in moldy burial rags, their earth-gray flesh in various stages of decomposition, are nightmarish. Putting it simply, *The Fearless Vampire Killers* emerges more frightening than the kind of film it is trying to jest.

Cul-de-Sac, Polanski's feature length hommage to Beckett, Ionesco, and Harold Pinter, suffers from a similar conflict — within the director. Polanski has said that his methods for developing the script of *Cul-de-Sac* were a departure for him, that he and Gerard Brach (who also co-wrote *Vampire Killers* as well as *Repulsion*) wrote the scenes they liked most and then tied them together as best they could. This incohesiveness and lack of concern for details, while essential to theatre of the absurd, forces an inhibition on Polanski's greatest gift — organization and the assimilation of details.

Rosemary's Baby, Polanski's latest film, is his strongest surrealistic exercise since *Repulsion*. It also marks the first time he has based his work on already existing material. That his source was a best-selling novel (by Ira Levin) to which he adhered with uncommon fidelity in his screenplay has led perhaps to the hostility voiced by critics Kael, Sarris, et al.

It is inevitable that an adaptation would emerge less personal than an original, but *less personal* does not mean *impersonal*. *Rosemary's Baby*, regardless of its origins, is a distinctly Polanskian film. While it retains all of Levin's plot, most of his scenes, dialogue, and symbols, a close comparison of the two works reveals significant differences of intent between them.

Rosemary's Baby (the book) is a supernatural thriller with subsurface reflections on the modern theory that God is dead. These same reflections, however, become the surface subject in the film, a departure which was inevitable in view of Polanski's surrealism. Like *Repulsion* it deals with a girl's subconscious mental conflict, in this case it is Rosemary's inner torment at being unable to reconcile her strict religious upbringing with her adult agnostic desires. Because we, the audience, experience everything through Rosemary (as we did through Carol Ledoux), we also come to believe that what we are seeing is a terrifying fact ("This is no dream! This is really happening! "). But in the very last scene of the film, after Rosemary has accepted and begun to care for the demon child (the point at which the book ends), Polanski dissolves to a shot of the hotel's exterior where we see Rosemary and Guy walking hand in hand through the front entrance. It is, in fact, the same shot which began the film. What we have just been witness to was not reality, but the subconscious preliminaries to that reality — the destruction of Rosemary's soul.

This shot, however, would be no more than a meaningless trick ending were it not for the many visual correlatives that exist between Rosemary's behavior and Carol Ledoux's — a few of which are: (1) each girl's obliviousness to all but her own existence as she walks through the crowded city streets, (2) each girl's distorted view of others as she answers the door by first looking through the Judas hole, (3) and the disintegration of each girl's self-awareness when she comes across her unfamiliar reflection in a kitchen appliance.

Sex fear, too, plays an important role in Rosemary's psychological dilemma in that modern attitudes toward sex and Rosemary's desire to share them work in direct opposition to her inbred Catholicism.

The foremost criticism levelled at *Repulsion* was that it failed to deal satisfactorily with the hereditary and environmental origins of Carol's fear. In the film, Polanski places much visual emphasis on an old family portrait in the Ledoux living room which shows Carol's family gathered in the backyard of their Belgian home. Helene is kneeling at her father's side, her head resting on his knee; the mother is sitting in a chair close by; and Carol is standing behind them all, alone, that same empty expression characterizing her face even as a child. Most reviewers felt, however, that while this photograph hinted at many things, it directly explained nothing, and therefore the film failed in completeness.

If this criticism were pertinent (and it is not), it could apply to the other Polanski films as well. *Cul-de-Sac* no more explains the genesis of the husband's maladjustment than does *The Fearless Vampire Killers* attempt to elucidate how its fanged predators first came to enjoy the taste of blood. And therein lie the short-comings. not of Polanski, but of film critics who fail (or refuse) to study the characteristics of a filmmaker's overall work as a means toward understanding the basic intentions of each separate film.

The thematic province of Roman Polanski lies not in the causes of man's neuroses, but in the effects.

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Like those directors whom he admires, Polanski communicates most of his ideas visually, using sound as an important counterpoint to his images. In *Repulsion*, Carol's apartment turns into a veritable pig sty. The corpse of an uncooked rabbit lies rotting in the living room while invisible flies buzz voraciously around it; the passage of time is expressed, in one of many ways, by showing the day by day growth of the eyes on some decaying potatoes in the kitchen. This picturization of the apartment which Carol's psychosis has let deteriorate into filth is so well conceived that one can almost smell it.

In each of his films, Polanski strives for atmosphere, and on that subject he has admitted his special fondness for capturing the moods of dawn and twilight, an attitude which no doubt springs from his early training in art, for to the painter these hours of the day offer the best contrast between colors.

Cul-de-Sac offers a particularly striking example of this visual preoccupation and the thematic significance underlying it. In the climactic scene on the beach, Teresa impulsively disrobes and runs into the sea for a late afternoon swim. As George watches the receding sunlight play against her naked body, he impulsively exposes a portion of his soul to Dickie, confessing his neurotic obsession with the girl, a secret which he has never told anyone.

Throughout this scene Polanski's camera soaks up every nuance of light and shadow, movement and stillness as day quietly surrenders unto night. A few hours later, George murders his gangster confessor.

What arises from this concentration on atmosphere is the feeling that Polanski's landscapes are not just settings, but characters. This is premeditated for in each film the locale has a dual purpose, one of which as we have already seen is surrealistic. The other is realistic. These landscapes do not just allow acts of violence and destruction to occur within their borders, they precipitate them; they are the chief antagonists.

In a scene from *Rosemary's Baby*, Guy (John Cassavetes) is sitting in the living room of the apartment engaging in small talk with Rosemary, who is in the bedroom prematurely packing a hospital overnight bag. The phone rings, Rosemary answers it, and her high spirits are suddenly crushed by the news of a friend's unexpected death. All the while, in the background, her bedroom window is open and through it we can see two windows belonging to another apartment across the way. The gothic arches above those windows together with the surrounding wall of gingerbread form the image of a pair of eyes. The hotel is watching Rosemary – like some malevolent demon waiting to strike unseen from the shadows!

No doubt Carol Ledoux's neuroses would have led to a breakdown sometime. But the claustrophobic little flat, like Poe's malignant house of Usher, speeded up that downfall, its drab decor, gloom, and sourceless noises making Carol's psychosis grimmer than it might have been – and irrevocable. Like-wise Polanski's Transylvania in *The Fearless Vampire Killers* with its snow-covered mountains hovering like giants over valleys dotted only here and there by a remote cottage or inn looks every bit the kind of environment that would foster supernatural beliefs and bring out the more perverse nature of its human residents.

Donner Pass, one of the three films Polanski is currently at work preparing, will not only continue with this antagonistic landscape motif, but in view of the subject matter might also be the definitive treatment of it:

On July 20, 1846, a group of 87 men, women, and children led by two brothers, George and Jacob Donner, separated themselves from a larger party of California-bound pioneers when they became convinced of a shorter route. Their journey south through the hazardous Sierra Nevada mountains provided the history of U.S. westward expansion with one of its most tragic and horrifying episodes.

The anticipated shorter route (now known as Donner Pass) turned out to be a malevolent barrier of desert and wilderness which they were able to penetrate only as far as the eastern slopes of the Sierra Navadas before winter overtook them. There, trapped by one of the worst snow storms of the century and with little food and no experienced mountaineers among them, the party began to collapse. When they were rescued the following spring, 39 had perished due to starvation, cold, disease, or murder. Many of those who survived were able to do so only by eating the corpses of the dead.

Donner Pass is an adaptation (by Ivan Moffat and Polanski) not of a best selling novel, but of history. This is also true of *Paganini*, Polanski's intended biography of the 19th century violinist/composer whose intense individualism in both public and private life eventually destroyed him. Polanski's third* future project, *The Day of the Dolphin* will also be derived from existing materials, in this case a novel called *The Reasoning Beast* by French author Robert Merle, and bodes a return to the dark humor of the absurd with its story of a scientist who teaches a pair of dolphins how to speak English, an accomplishment which brings catastrophic results.

None of these future films have their original source in Polanski, and yet one can easily see the elements which make them distinctly Polanskian subjects. What remains are the details, and these no critic can anticipate, for Polanski constantly works against the expected. His films posess the qualities of nightmares, for like nightmares they deal with human anxieties. If Roman Polanski is indeed ". . . a pretender to the commercial throne of Alfred Hitchcock", it is not because his intentions are dubious (neither are Hitchcock's), but because like Hitchcock and nightmares, he is seldom, if ever, dull. And Heaven help us all if that becomes a sin. ■

* An original screenplay by Polanski called *A Day at the Beach* has completed filming in Copenhagen by his Cadre Productions, produced by Gene Gutowski and directed by newcomer Simon Hesera.

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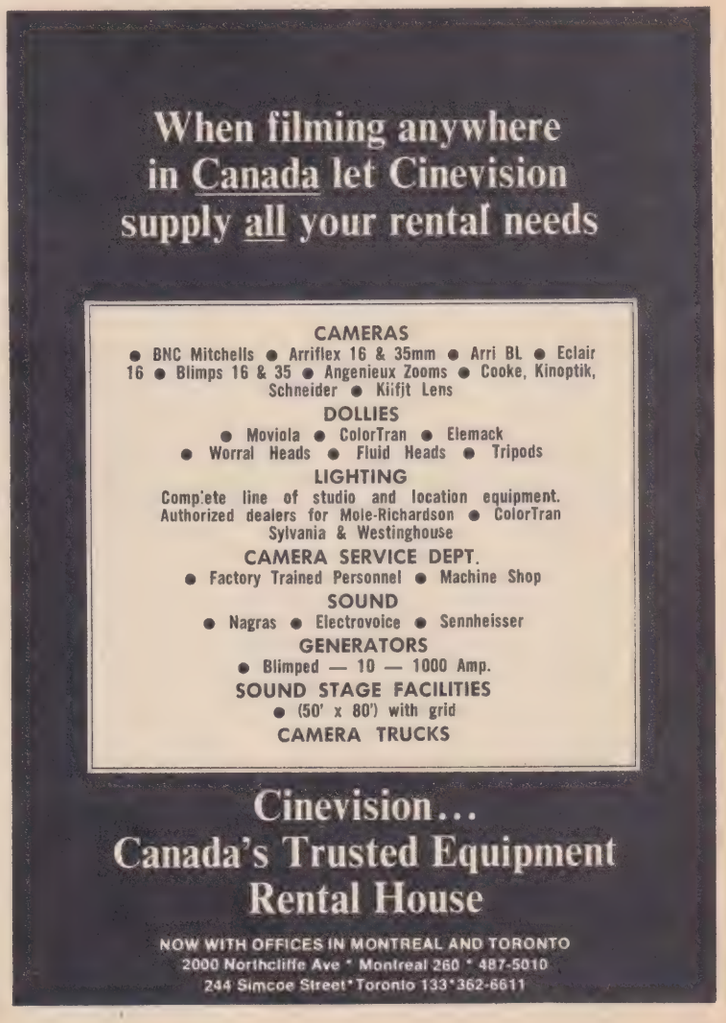
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BOOKS

by SUSAN STEINBERG

"Let us assume that as an observer at a reception I am looking at Mr. Y as he tells three people all about his recent holiday in Scotland with his wife. By carefully watching his face, I notice he never takes his eyes off Mrs. X's legs. Now, I move over to Mrs. X, who is talking about her children's problems at school, but I notice that she keeps staring at Miss Z, her cold look taking in every detail of the younger woman's elegant appearance.

Obviously, the substance of that scene is not in the dialogue, which is strictly conventional, but in what these people are thinking about. Merely by watching them I have found out that Mr. Y is physically attracted to Mrs. X and that Mrs. X is jealous of Miss Z.

From Hollywood to Cinecitta no filmmaker other than Hitchcock can capture the human reality of that scene as faithfully as I have described it . . . ."

François Truffaut

This powerful professional tribute was paid to Alfred Hitchcock by Francois Truffaut in his book, which is itself a tribute of admiration, but one devoid of the usual delusions of hero worship. In 1962 Truffaut asked Hitchcock to enter a dialogue with him on the topic of movies and the movie world. The book, *Hitchcock,* which resulted, is a transcript of the tape of their 50-hour marathon conversation, and has just come out in paperback.

Like most artists, Hitchcock is by instinct a concealer as well as a revealer, and his only real medium of communication is his art, his films. His films, however, are complex and carefully disguised messages to his audiences; and these messages are hard to decipher. Truffaut happens to be a reader of symbols, fortunately, and is hip to the psychological undercurrents in Hitchcock's movies, in addition to being an inveterate movie addict himself. So the book tells things about Hitchcock's films and Hitchcock himself that would probably never be known if Truffaut, with his special sense of appreciation, had not undertaken this conversation with Hitchcock.

Truffaut points out a theme to Hitchcock that runs through all of Hitchcock's films and by which he seems to be obsessed. The theme is a man who is involved in or accused of a crime of which he is innocent. This theme occurs in no fewer than 13 Hitchcock films: *The Lodger, Downhill, Murder, The Thirty-nine Steps, Young and Innocent, Spellbound, Suspicion, Saboteur, The Wrong Man, Strangers on a Train, I Confess, To Catch a Thief,* and *North by Northwest.* Strangely, one of the book's undercurrents is to repeat this same theme over. That is to say, that the book is a work of art which expresses Hitchcock's obsession in the same way as the 13 movies do! In a subconscious way, Hitchcock struggles to convince Truffaut that he is innocent; and what, specifically, he is trying to say he is innocent of is sexuality. The book is strewn with anecdotes and rather surprising remarks by Hitchcock which are basically designed to convince Truffaut of this innocence; for example he tells Truffaut:

I was 23 at the time, and I'd never been out with a girl in my life. I'd never had a drink in my life.

Or later, he tells an anecdote about how he heard of menstruation for the first time at the age of 26 while making a feature length film, *The Pleasure Garden*:

After the meal, I go out in the street. And there is my cameraman, Vintimiglia, with the German girl who is to play the native who throws herself into the sea. With them is the newsreel operator, who has now completed his work and is about to return to Munich. The three of them are standing there, with their heads together, talking very solemnly. I go up to them and say, "Is anything wrong? "

"Yes," they answer. "The girl. She can't go into the water."

I ask, "What do you mean, she can't go into the water? "

And they insist, saying, "That's right, she can't go into the water. You know . . . "

Bewildered, I reply, "No, what do you mean? "

So then and there, on the sidewalk, with people walking back and forth, the two cameramen tell me all about menstruation. I've never heard of it in my life! They go into great detail, and I listen very carefully to what they have to say. When they're through with their explanation, I'm still cross. All I can think about is the money I've wasted in bringing the girl with us, all those lire and marks. Very irritated, I mutter, "Well, why couldn't she have told us about it in Munich, three days ago? "

At another point in the book when Truffaut questions him about the impact of dreams on his work, Hitchcock replies, "one thing for sure; I never have any erotic dreams."

These kinds of denials and others that Hitchcock makes would be unusual statements for the average person, but for Alfred Hitchcock, a person who has made movies full of suppressed sexuality, they are particularly interesting. Near the end of their talks, Truffaut comments on the themes of sin and guilt that occur in Hitchcock films:

F.T.: "But even so, most of your work is strongly permeated by the concept of original sin and man's guilt."

A.H.: "How can you say a thing like that when in fact we always have the theme of the innocent man who is constantly in danger although he isn't guilty? "

In short, Hitchcock refuses to recognize that he deals with guilt as well as innocence; that in a sense, to deal with innocence is implicitly to deal with guilt. Truffaut, near the end of their conversation, says to Hitchcock:

" . . . I'm not suggesting that you live in murder and sex, but I imagine that when you open up a newspaper you start out with the crime stories."

Hitchcock replies with a story:

"As a matter of fact, I don't read about crime in newspapers. The only newspaper I read is the *London Times* which is rather dry but has lots of humorous items. A few years ago the *Times* carried an item under the heading "Fish Sent To Prison". I read the story and it turned out that someone had donated a small tropical acquarium to the women's prison in London. But the heading amused me. I read the paper for that sort of thing."

The story is a perfect Hitchcockian example. Hitchcock denies reading crime stories and then tells a story that is his theme incarnate and disguised: innocent fish are sent to prison. Who else would be intrigued with such a banal "human interest" headline? Who else would have remembered it?

Hitchcock's anecdotes of innocence and mock innocence are particularly fascinating in the book when one sees how they are counterbalanced against wild sexual fantasy. For it is precisely the ambiguous merger of guilt and innocence that is one source of the fascination of Hitchcock's movies and of this book.

In discussing *To Catch A Thief,* Hitchcock and Truffaut argue the pros and cons of icy Nordic sexuality versus a blatant Mediterranean sexuality in various actresses. Hitchcock strenuously argues for the Arctic sexuality (put politely) of Grace Kelly (one of Hitchcock's regular actresses, and typical of the type he prefers to use) versus the sexuality of such actresses as Sophia Loren, Marilyn Monroe, or Brigitte Bardot, in the following way:

"Definitely, I think the most interesting women, sexually, are the English women. I feel that the English women, the Swedes, the Northern Germans, and Scandinavians are a great deal more exciting than the Latin, the Italian, and the French women. Sex should not be advertised. An English girl, looking like a school teacher, is apt to get into a cab with you and to your surprise, she'll probably pull a man's pants open."

Earlier, he speculates on a film scene that he would like to shoot from a story of an actual criminal case in which a woman was accused of murdering her husband for the love of a parson; she was acquitted on insufficient evidence, simply because the police could not figure out how she did it. (By the way, despite his disclaimers, Hitchcock discovered this case in the newspapers and followed it into the technical literature of criminal pathology.)

"I wanted to shoot a scene showing the parson making violent love to the young woman while the husband sitting in his rocking chair and smoking his pipe, looked on. I would have shown him smoking very contentedly; from time to time he would pull away at his pipe, making little noises that sound like kisses . . . "

SAN FRAN LETTER

The San Francisco Bay Area has been enriched by the opening of American Zoetrope, a film company, headed by 30-year-old Francis Ford Coppola, with some of the most advanced equipment in California.

Coppola was the director of *You're a Big Boy Now, Finian's Rainbow,* and *The Rain People.* He also co-authored the scripts for *This Property is Condemned* and *Is Paris Burning.* He has been working for more than seven months converting an old warehouse at 827 Folsom street — part of San Francisco's South-of-Market industrial-skid row area — into a modern production facility.

The company has no shooting studio as such — Coppola and friends shoot on location as much as possible — but there are seven well-equipped editing rooms including the only Keller three-screen table in California. (The Keller mixing equipment can handle

anything from Super 8 to 70 millimeter film and has both fast forward and reverse.) They also have a closed circuit television system and a wealth of other fine equipment.

The Zoetrope boon to Bay Area filmmakers is that the company plans to rent much of their equipment to filmmakers in general, thus becoming a veritable godsend to the numerous underground-experimental-independent cinema artists to whom owning such materials themselves would be a financial pipe dream.

Zoetrope has already attracted the talents of John Korty, (*Funny Man* and *Crazy Quilt*), who is working under an American Film Institute grant filming *Imogene*, a short portrait of the photographer Imogene Cunningham.

The company has recently finished its first movie, *THX-1138*, a science fiction work about an advanced subterranean society, which was written, directed and is now being edited by George Lucas, 25, a Mill Valley resident who attended the UCLA film school. Projects in the planning stage include Lucas' *Apocalypse Now*, about Vietnam, and *Santa Rita*, a re-staging of the Berkeley Peoples' Park disaster at Santa Rita prison farm, being written by Jesse Ritter.

●

Larry Jordan is one of the filmmakers who make the term "underground" increasingly useless. He has finished his latest work *Hildar and the Magician*, a feature length film having all the aesthetic and technical quality of any of its big studio cousins.

The movie is an entrancing Tolkien-like fantasy about a dying king's daughter who is entrusted to the care of woodland fairies and is subsequently kidnapped by a vengeful gnome and rescued with the aid of a bumbling self-centered magician.

Jordan's creation is very self-consistent and believeable. There is nothing in it to say "this isn't true". Most of the shooting was done outdoors and the choices of natural backgrounds are invariably pleasing. All the acting is done silent while a narrator provides the necessary bits of story line, almost as if a minstrel had been given a camera with which to tell his tale. The imagery is very poetic. I suggest the movie for all people who like hobbits.

Hal Aigner

HOW? 3

by DAVID DORFMAN

PRICES ON NEW EQUIPMENT

The U.S. list prices which I have given are more than is usually paid. As a rough rule new equipment will be 80-85 percent of list price. It is worthwhile to bargain, especially in stores which deal mainly with amateurs. Professional stores stick closer to list prices and in general charge slightly more for the same items.

●

USED EQUIPMENT PRICES

Used equipment will be from 40-60 percent of list price, if the item is still in production. Generally a model no longer in production will cost less than the one that superseded it, but the difference may be small because the change between the two models is not great. For example, the only difference between the Bolex Rex 2 and the 3 is the shape of the base plate.

When buying used equipment it does not always pay to buy the more recent model. The chief difference between a Rex 3 & 4 is that the Rex 4 can be adapted to sync sound. If you did not anticipate shooting sync sound with your camera, there would be no point in paying extra for this feature. Age is not in itself an accurate reflection of the condition of a camera: a late-model camera two or three years old used in a t.v. station may have fewer years of useful life than a seven or eight-year-old model formerly owned by an amateur who hardly used it. In such a situation, the earlier model may even cost more.

In reputable stores, the prices usually accurately reflect the relative condition of comparable models and it is best to shop around and find the "going" price for the equipment you have in mind. Stores will bargain at least as readily on used equipment as on new.

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WARRANTIES & GUARANTEES

New equipment should have a warranty on parts and workmanship from the American or Canadian distributor. The store will usually handle the details of returning the item if troubles develop. Since their reputations are at stake, good stores generally make sure problems with new equipment are resolved satisfactorily.

Warranties are valid only for the original owner; used equipment must have a guarantee from the store. Though there is no uniform practice, the store usually guarantees that the item is in good working condition and any defect found within a specific period (usually 30-90 days from the date of purchase) will be remedied or the item will be replaced or a refund made. Such a guarantee is only as good as a store's willingness to honor it, so avoid places with a bad reputation. Unless one is quite experienced, used equipment should never be purchased in "as is" condition. Demonstration and display items, though frequently in "like new" condition, are used and the price and guarantee should reflect this fact.

When buying new equipment, do not allow the salesman to give you the item he demonstrated, have him get another from stock. Make sure it is the same item and there is a warranty. When buying equipment new or used the receipt should separately list each item along with its model designation and serial number. In buying used equipment, it's not a bad idea to get the guarantee in writing, even though the guarantee is the result of the store's general policy. In this way it will be absolutely clear what the guarantee is.

●

USED CAMERAS: WHAT TO LOOK FOR

Body & Turret: The body should not show signs of being roughly used. The turret should not be loose and turn without forcing. Each lens mount should seat itself into position in front of the aperture. The threads of the C mounts should show no signs of damage.

Door: The door should not be bent or warped and should go into place without forcing. A door which does not fit properly will cause film fogging and light streaks. On earlier Bolex models (those on which the loop guides of the automatic threading device are moved by a lever rather than a button), examine the door for a circular pitting opposite the lever. This pitting indicates that the transport mechanism may be damaged. To test for such damage, turn the turret so you can see the aperture; send the exposure to "T" and make a single frame exposure. If any part of the shutter blade can be seen in the aperture, then the camera will not record recognizable images without being repaired.

Motor: The motor should turn with a steady sound at one speed and should be audibly faster, as the speed is increased. Do not set the speed above 32 fps, without film — this may damage the camera.

Interior: Nothing on the interior should be bent or scratched or damaged. Examine the film gate and back pressure plate which should be absolutely clean and smooth.

●

TESTING THE EQUIPMENT

Test footage should be shot as soon as possible. Some worthwhile tests are described on page 30 of "A Guide to Film-Making" by Edward Pincus (Signet W3992). These tests can be supplemented by shooting which uses every capacity of the camera and uses every lens through its entire focusing and f. stop range (and zooming range if appropriate). While such tests are not conclusive, it is unlikely there would be a serious difficulty with a new camera and lens which would not show up in some way. In evaluating the results of a test, it is necessary to view the original; therefore, it is best to use a fine grain reversal film such as Kodak Plus-X Reversal. Any suspicion of camera or lens fault should be followed up at once.

Some persons turn new equipment over to authorized repair services to be "looked over", which is a good practice, but not really necessary unless the tests reveal some fault.

The same tests are useful for used equipment, but it is best to also have the camera overhauled by an authorized repair service. The tests are less conclusive and, in any case, governor check, frame line adjustment and lens collimation will undoubtedly be necessary.

(Whenever footage taken on different cameras is to be inter-cut, the frame line must be adjusted to conform to U.S.A. (formerly ASA) standards which prevail throughout North America. If the entire film is shot on one camera, inaccurate frame adjustment can be corrected in projection, though, of course, there is no guarantee the projectionist will do so. Frame line adjustment should be done periodically, since it tends to drift on semi-professional cameras.)

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LISTING OF SEMI-PROFESSIONAL CAMERAS

(The Bolex, Beaulieu and, where a non-reflex camera is wanted, the Bell & Howell are the semi-professional cameras most likely to be chosen.)

●

BOLEX

CURRENT MODELS

Rex 5:

100-ft. internal capacity (will also accept 400-ft. magazines). Reflex viewing via prism type beam-splitter, 3-lens turret. Clockwork motor with 16 1/2 ft. run on winding (about 25 seconds at 24 fps.) Speeds 8-64 fps. Rewind, footage and frame counter, variable shutter, single frame release. Automatic threading. Filter slot behind lens. About 6 1/2 lbs., less lenses.

Rex 4:

Same as Rex 5, except will not accept

400-ft. magazines.

M5:

Stripped down version of Rex 5. Lacks: turret, reflex viewing (nor does it have provision for viewing through lens prior to shooting as in early non-reflex Bolex), filter slot, variable shutter. Basically meant for applications where a camera body is wanted and probably not of much interest for independent filming.

M4:

Same as M5, but does not accept 400-ft magazines.

NO LONGER IN PRODUCTION

Rex 3:

Similar to Rex 4, but lacks 1:1 motor shaft necessary for sync sound.

Rex 2:

Lacks built-in base plate of later models. A similar plate can be bought separately.

Rex 1:

Slightly different shutter design and viewfinder system. External appearance similar to Rex 2, this camera is best distinguished by serial number. Rex 2 began with 195, 801.

Reflex (RX):

Similar to above, but lacks variable shutter.

M-16:

Similar to M-4, but lacks 1 to 1 shaft for sync sound.

Non-Reflex Models (Supreme, Deluxe, "T", etc.):

Similar to RX but without reflex viewing. Focusing through lens by racking over turret. Viewing while shooting through supplementary finder. Two interchangeable finders were available. 1. The "Trifocal" which could be used for lenses of three different lengths. This finder is not recommended because it limits lens choice and parallax correction is accurate only for normal lens. 2. "Octameter." Masks for eight lenses through 150mm focal length and is still manufactured under the name of "multifocal". Earlier "PC-12" version of this finder masks only for four focal lengths, through 75mm. Masking and parallax correction must be manually set for both finders. Early models lack filter slot. An improved registration claw was introduced on this camera with serial number 100,401. Models earlier than this one may not produce images as suitable for projection on larger screens.

Lenses

Due to the prism used on all reflex models, they require special lenses for focal lengths 50mm or less and for all zooms except as noted below. Such lenses are marked "RX" and cannot be used on other cameras, even though they have standard C-mounts.

Exceptions: S.O.M. Berthiot "Cinor" 25mm fixed focal length lens, and all currently produced S.O.M. Berthiot "Pan Cinor" zooms except the recently introduced 12-120 zoom.

Major Accessories

1). Unimotor: Converts any Bolex made since 1938 to electric drive, though extremely early models may need minor modifications. Adds about 20 ozs. to camera weight. Battery pack using dry cells weighs 9 1/2 lbs.

2). Sync Sound: "MST" motor will drive Rex 4 or 5 at exactly 24 fps. Built-in sync pulse generator and automatic clapstick (i.e. film and tape are given sync marks whenever the camera is started). The rechangeable power pack for this item will drive 2500 feet of film and weighs 3 1/2 lbs. Motor adds 2 lbs. to camera weight.

3). 400 ft. magazines. For Rex 5 or M5 only. Take up motor bayonets directly into magazine. Only one take up motor required per camera. Camera usually operated by MST motor, though special Unimotor available for wild speeds (i.e. other than 24 fps.).

SAMPLE BOLEX LIST PRICES

Rex 5:

w/3 fixed lenses (10mm, 26mm, 75mm)	1,335.00
w/Angenieux 12-120 zoom	1,615.00
With Automatic Metering:	
via Vario-Switar 18-85 zoom	1,215.00
via Angenieux 12-120 "Electric Eye"	1,880.00

Rex 5:

Body only	690.00

Deduct $60.00 for same item with Rex 4 body.

Cost of electric drive via Unimotor: 129.75

(Includes motor, battery case, dry cells)

Cost of adding sync sound:	
MST motor	290.00
Power pack w/charger	195.00

Cost of 400 foot capacity:	
Take up motor	95.00
400 foot magazine (each)	170.00

400 foot magazines generally used with MST motor. Unimotor B can be substituted for non-sync sound operation, or for wild speeds.

Unimotor "B" with voltage regulator, battery case, etc.: 219.75

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BEAULIEU

CURRENT MODELS

R16 B:

100 ft. internal capacity (will also accept 200 ft. magazines). Reflex viewing through mirror system. Electric drive using choice of rechargeable batteries. Speeds 2-64 fps. C mount lenses. Choice of three lens turret or non-turret model. Rewind, filming in reverse possible. Footage and frame counters. Single release, no variable shutter. Built-in behind-the-lens light meter for semi-automatic exposure control. Weight, less lenses, handgrip and battery, 4 1/2 lbs.

R16 B Auto.:

Same as above except automatic exposure control with special Angenieux zoom lenses; three are available: 12-120, 12.5-75, 17-68.

NO LONGER IN PRODUCTION

R16 ES "Series 2060":

Similar to R16 B, but with somewhat different circuitry and slightly less bright viewfinder. The viewfinder is still notably bright and sharp. This model cannot make use of batteries mounted in handgrip.

R16 ES "Series 2050":

Same as above except will not accept 200 foot magazine. Camera can be factory modified for same for about $150.00.

R16 E:

Similar to above, but has no sync sound capacity. Since there is a dummy socket for the sync pulse generator, this camera looks like the "ES". It ceased with serial number 618999.

R16 G:

Operates by clockwork motor. Can be operated by electric motor, but they are difficult to find and no longer made.

Loading

The Beaulieu has developed an unfair reputation for being difficult to load. It is not difficult, but it does require about 10 seconds of your undivided attention.

Major Accessories

1). 200 foot magazines. These magazines have built-in take up motors.

2). Sync sound. Sync pulse generator plugs into female socket on "ES" and all later models. Weighs only about one oz. Camera will run at constant speed without further modification.

SAMPLE BEAULIEU LIST PRICES

R16 B:

Body only	989.05

R16 B:

w/Angenieux 12-120 zoom	2,046.50*

R16 B:

w/Angenieux 100mm, 25mm, 75mm lenses	1765.65*

Automatic metering via R16 B auto body:

w/Angenieux 17-68 zoom	1866.00*
w/Angenieux 12-120 zoom	2260.00*

*Includes $193.00 for electric handgrip, 1000 M.A. handgrip battery, charger for same. Other batteries are available, and I'm not recommending this one in particular. I had to include the cost of a battery to make the price realistic and I chose this one. More than one battery is highly desirable for a camera, though this particular one will drive 1600 feet of film at 24 fps.

Sync sound generator:	225.00
200 foot magazines (each);	225.00

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BELL & HOWELL

70 DR:

100 foot internal capacity. Non-Reflex: focusing through lens prior to shooting by racking over; viewing while shooting via supplementary viewfinder which automatically masks for lens in use, but must be manually set for parallax. C mount lenses, three-lens turret. Clockwork motor with 22 foot run (about 35 seconds at 24 fps). Speeds 8-64 fps. Film can be rewound. Footage counter but no frame counter.

70 HR:

Same as above, but has electric drive and 400 foot magazine capacity. Any 70 DR can be factory modified to a nearly identical camera. When used with electric drive or 400 foot magazine, camera requires a sturdy tripod.

Lenses

The Super Comat lenses regularly supplied with this camera, though not bad, are best replaced by Bell & Howell Angenieux or other first-class lenses.

Objectives matched to each lens must be bought for the viewfinder. They cost about $10.00 apiece new and should be readily available.

Comments

This camera has been in production since 1925 and many other models are still around, since this machine is of legendary ruggedness. Early models will lack viewfinder geared to turret. Very early models will not have the viewfinder objectives necessary to accurately mask for the lens. Such machines are excessively cumbersome to use. A crank can be purchased by those who refuse to look upon the somewhat hard to turn winding key as good exercise. Price on used bodies starts at

about $100.00. New body, less lenses, lists at about $400.00.

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PATHE

AT; BTL; Wabo:

Quite similar to Bolex Rex 5 in capability. Chief differences: 1. A semi-reflecting crystal replaces the prism in the reflex viewing, which eliminates the need for non-standard lenses. On the other hand, the crystal is more easily gotten out of adjustment. 2. Compared to the Bolex (or Beaulieu) it has a low center of gravity, making it less suitable for hand holding and, of course, correspondingly steadier on a tripod. It is somewhat less clumsy with 400 foot magazines. 3. There is no sync sound capacity though it is available through non-factory designed devices.

The BTL has a behind-the-lens motor. The earlier "Webo" model lacked automatic threading and 400 foot magazine capacity.

The Pathé has been dropped by its North American distributors and the Pathé company in France is undergoing re-organization. Until this situation is resolved, the owner of a Pathé is without a warranty and in the future may be without service, new accessories, or spare parts. For those who like to gamble in this way, Pathés can be gotten at bargain prices, e.g. $275.00 for a *new* body.

FILM FESTIVAL SAN FRANCISCO

by JOHN BIGBY

The San Francisco International Film Festival began with an unscheduled anti-culture protest on the steps of the Masonic Auditorium, the mausoleum atop Nob Hill in which San Francisco shows its films. A Sausalito filmmakers' group called Grand Central Station — misidentified for good or ill by the police and the press as "hippies" — staged and filmed a 16mm pie-throwing comedy as San Francisco society types walked up the red carpet for the traditional opening-night Bad Film (*The Secret of Santa Vittoria* this year). It was a great idea.

San Francisco's "festival" is probably the best thing of its sort in the United States. Someone should have told the authorities a long time ago, though, that movies are fun. The Grand Central people, at last, tried. That their aim was not up to their intentions — some socialites got pied — was unfortunate. That the Festival called San Francisco's infamous Tac Squad (veterans of SF State College wars) in response, that a towel-bearing demonstrator got thrown through a glass door, that the pie-throwers were arrested and charged with the felony of conspiring to commit the misdemeanor of disturbing the peace, that the mayor blew his cool — the reactions were more than unfortunate. The felony charge was subsequently dropped, and at least no one called in S.I. Hayakawa, but the festival reaction remains eloquent testimony to the virtue of pie-throwing.

So do some of the films shown — or, in one instance, the way they were shown.

For example, *More*. Luxembourg presents Hollywood! Or Barbet Schroeder discovers the Haight-Ashbury on sunny Ibiza, several years too late and several pretty reels too long. Give credit where credit is due: Schroeder directed, wrote the story, and collaborated on the script. The result is a naive film, probably not really opportunistic (but does it matter), a message film without a message (sinister, middle-aging Nazi named Wolf notwithstanding), a collocation of slickly photographed pictures larded with skin and cut with Drugs (beware), an insulting bore. Klaus Grunberg is fortunately unintentionally funny as the young German student who seeks Truth-and-Adventure only to find Mimsy Farmer and several interesting but tedious habits. And Mimsy Farmer *is* a good looker, but it's not enough. Why *More* in a film festival? Why? A pie, please.

San Francisco is wisely a non-competitive event, but it would seem appropriate to award the management, for its creative showing of *Antonio Das Mortes*, The Lemonade Joe Memorial Trophy for 1969. (SF distinguished itself a few years back by showing the Czech western-parody wrong-reels first.) One moviegoer, shaking his fist at the screen, suggested a plaster palomino horse with a clock in its belly as an appropriate prize.

Glauber Rocha's Brazilian folk ballad may be every bit as good as his *The Black God and the White Devil* but don't ask me. The showing was preceded by a short projected backwards. Then things started falling apart. The reels of *Antonio das Mortes* were mixed up, with a strange déjà-vu tossed in as we got several of them twice to boot. *Antonio das Mortes*, with its mysterious pagan-Catholic tableaux and alien folk figures, could be a difficult film for North American audiences. Butchered, it was impossible.

People smiled, tittered, convulsed with laughter. They remained obstinately, grimly determined to Make Sense Of It All, walked out, shouted obscene threats at the projection booth, and generally had a great old time. But they didn't see Rocha's film. (Not all the flaws were upstairs, to be sure. Sloppy, stolid camera work and such niceties as "dead" extras scratching their crotches transcended the projection problems.)

The festival says the fault is with Grove Press for mislabeling the cans. Anyway, Guy Grand is alive and well, if not in the Masonic Auditorium projection booth, then at Evergreen Films.

There were also some very good moments. Dusmane Sembene, whose *Mandabi (The Money Order)* is a fine, unpretentious story about greed, human ineffectuality, post offices, and Senegal, attended film school in Moscow. He learned a lot somewhere, and what he has done in the way of assimilating narrative techniques to tell a witty tale about what the arrival of a modest money order can do to a proud Senegalese Moslem with two wives, seven children, a face to save, ballsy neighbors, and a pushy brassiere route-salesman (to begin the list) is most impressive. The main character, played by Mamadou Guye, is a touching figure, pitifully human. The film is at once delightful, compassionate, and enlightening. It may be ingenuous to say it, but as we follow the recipient through encounters with bureaucracy (the post office demands proof of identity, which requires application at City Hall, which requires photographs, which require the services of a theiving Instamatic Matthew Brady who takes still more of Guye's money) and greed, we realize that there is considerable comfort in one fact: people in Senegal are remarkably like people everywhere else. That's too bad, which is good. And there is nothing ingenuous about the film. *Mandabi* is a pleasure, a subtle experience that sticks.

Sembene's film was shown with Vaughn Obern's U.S. short, *Hey, Mama*, another film that ought to be shown widely; Venice, California (where Obern, who is white, shot the film about blacks) is perhaps harder to crack for an alien audience than Senegal is.

Another low-key film that worked was the Dutch-Belgian *Monsieur Hawarden*. In fact, Harry Kumel, who has worked mostly in TV in the Netherlands and Belgium, creates an exquisite jewel box, a nineteenth-century gothic tale that only hints at being gothic and a surprise-film that deliciously promises surprise when, in fact, there is no surprise at all. Monsieur Hawarden is a woman disguised as a man. The audience sees this. Yet the director takes us with him as he hides the fact, convincingly, from everyone in the film. It is a rare and curiously nineteenth-century literary experience.

The film is photographed in grays that complement the delicate balance between reality and illusion. It is sensual and sexual in the scary way, again, that the nineteenth century was sensual and sexual under the most meticulously polished veneer. It is a nineteenth-century movie, creating ominous moods through the mind and numbing rich emotional experiences through the intellect as filmmakers would have done a hundred years ago. That there are no real nineteenth-century films is, again, the delicious thing about Kumel's having recreated one. *Monsieur Hawarden* is a luxuriant exercise in literature-and-film. And it leaves you with the disquieting feeling that your teeth are decaying and that you don't know why.

Monsieur Hawarden, which has been generally unnoticed, shares much with Eric Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, about which much has been written. Rohmer's third film in his projected six moral tales is a civilized film about sex and what civilization does to sex. What it does, it turns out, is not all bad. There is, for instance, no nudity in *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, but there is sensuality of a sort that is fascinating and engrossing. Skin flicks are fun, but one thing we learned in the sixties is that they are not necessarily very effective at getting it on.

What matters in *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* is the talk. It is intelligent, interesting talk. The result is a film to delight the senses through the mind's eye.

To believe that *Sympathy for the Devil* is a very good film, one must first believe that Jean-Luc Godard is the world's greatest film director and that the Rolling Stones are the world's greatest rock and roll band. *Sympathy for the Devil* is a very good film. The ending of the film, as readers of *Take One* know, was changed by Iain Quarrier, and Godard is not at all happy that the Stones finally finish their song. Godard is, of course, right. The power of the red and black flags of violent hope flying high on a movie dolly in the wind is marred by the conclusion of the recording take.

Last year the festival showed Milos Forman's *Fireman's Ball*, a

pleasant little satire, beautifully framed by the good soldier Schweik, playing Milos Forman, in a filmed introduction which explains that the film is, after all, only a fable about hapless firemen and has nothing to do with Authority. Understandably, Forman steadfastly refuses to admit that the prologue, added at the request of the American distributor immediately after Czechago, is a put-on.

This year Forman was honored by a retrospective. He is still a fine director, and he is still Schweik, much to his credit considering his situation — he wants to be able to return to Prague when he wants to. "How do you feel about working in the U.S., Mr. Forman? " With the slightest twinkle in his eye: "It's OK. You know, when I am in this country I don't even feel that I've left Czechoslovakia." Or was his twinkle in my imagination? Perhaps it was just the lights.

There were other good films, too. One of the best was *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, shown to a largely adult audience at a special children's program. They really don't make movies like that any more, and, considering the opening-night police action, the Tax Squad riding roughshod into a 1938 Sherwood Forest even seemed an appropriately political touch in San Francisco thirty-one years later.

Boro Draskovic's *Horoscope* is a very impressive work by a very young director. It is a hot, chilling film, erotic and violent and relevant, if not to the hot, debilitating Yugoslav countryside he captures, then to a lot of other places one could name.

The Polish *Everything for Sale* (Wajda) is tight and elusive at the same time, remarkably effective for yet another film about making a film.

Maybe the best of show, though, is a one-minute TV commercial called *Bullshit*. ("Advertiser: Brotherhood," the program says.) While a Kate-Smithy recording of "God Bless America" drones on, a black man tries to put on white-face makeup and, almost subliminally at first but finally boldly, the word appears over the image on the screen. Write to the ad agency, Take Two, Inc. in Manhattan, or the F.C.C. in Washington or somebody and find out why the spot is not on TV. Who knows about Brotherhood, but if *Bullshit* isn't aired it's certainly television's loss.

That was San Francisco this year, and finally, then, one returns to the idea of a festival. There is so little that is festive about one, so little that has to do with moviegoing. Perhaps if we realized that festivals are really trade-shows cum culchah, perhaps if we approached them as honestly as Cambodia approaches its Phnom Penh Flim Flam Festival, in which Sihanouk awards the Sihanouk Prize to Sihanouk's film, perhaps if, like Walker Percy's moviegoer Binx Bolling, we finally realized that our movies create institutions rather than reflecting them . . . Perhaps if there were less culture and more movies.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE

by HERMAN G. WEINBERG

To a public more avid for scandalous anecdote than for balanced historical judgment, *Fellini Satyricon* is just the dish, and I use the metaphor advisedly, there being no concoction around more calculated to sate an appetite for *faisandé* wares. Certainly, if it was the director's intention, by drawing on Petronius, to depict the Rome of Nero ("before the Christian conscience") as a cesspool of iniquity, to arouse horror and revulsion, he may be said to have succeeded. He creates a vivid and lurid picture of life in that city, in the first century, part derived from cultured Roman cynic (we have Tacitus' word for it that Petronius was arbiter and friend to the Emperor), part derived from Fellini's own imagination. Thus do the ancient Roman and modern Italian sophistications meet (does not Fellini assure us that Italians have innately a streak of paganism in them?) but even more than that, the director justifies his work by claiming for it a parallel with today's decadence, today's decline in moral, ethical and spiritual values. So be it. This has always been claimed for *The Satyricon*, in all ages. Petronius looked on the spectacle of human decay with amused and only mildly censorious indifference and, one can almost say, so does Fellini. In some respects he goes beyond Petronius, if that is possible, in others he pretties it up, as in the central characters, the pair of disreputable perverts, Encoplius and Ascyltus, only one of whom is still disreputable. Trimalchio's feast, which made up the major part of the fragments that survived of what originally were some twenty books, now is just an anecdote among a string of similar baneful anecdotes, each more grotesque than the others, as the raucous and bawdy Graeco-Roman society of the time is paraded before us. Petronius was not the bitter moralist that Juvenal was in the latter's own satires, and neither is Fellini, for whom this picture, so aptly named, is a veritable "Roman holiday", with all that this dubious phrase implies.

I think of Sternberg's own fragments of *I Claudius*, in which the accent is on what is *said*, this being a work of the intellect in its own incarnation of ancient Rome, ordered and stylized as a *pavane*. For all that appeals to the mind in *Fellini Satyricon*, the dialogue could have been in gibberish. I think of the marvelous sense of antiquity of the Sibley Watson-Melville Webber miracle, *Lot in Sodom*, which could teach Fellini a lesson in how you portray homosexuality and cruelty and like aberrations on the screen, as this brief retelling of the story of Lot and the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah did, with tact and wit and poetry, qualities of which the Fellini film is completely bereft. I even think of what it's all about, as Edgar Saltus so succinctly put it in his *Historia Amoris*: "It was the mission of Rome to make conquests, not statues, not to create, but to quell. Her might reverberated in the roar of her name. Roma means strength. It is only in reading it backwards that Amor appears. Love there was secondary. Might had precedence. It was Might that made first the home, then the state, then the senate that ruled the world." Do not these few lines say it all?

Another thing entirely and thrice welcome is Luis Buñuel's latest "last film" (and may he keep on making them), *The Milky Way*, so called because in some parts of the world the celestial galaxy which we know as the Milky Way is called The Way of St. James — and this is the tale of a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James in the city of Santiago de Compostella in Spain. The pilgrims (a couple of bums, winningly played by Laurent Terieff and Paul Frankeur) never reach it, being deflected by a prostitute who picks them up outside the city environs and informs them that the body in the crypt has been exposed as that of the renegade Bishop of Priscellian and not the martyred St. James. So off they go merrily into the woods. But in between, the odyssey of the pair has cut across various aspects of Catholic dogma, for this is that rarity among films, a theological tract. (Only one other director has ever come close to this sort of thing — Bresson, especially in *Les Anges du Péché, Journal d'un Curé de Campagne* and, of course, *Jeanne d'Arc*.) Among intriguing appearances and disappearances of meaningful apparitions, the pilgrims encounter the 14th century renegade Bishop Priscellian himself and his adherents at their rituals which proclaim the soul as prisoner of the body. By weakening the body through the pleasures of the flesh, the soul can be set free, which they proceed to do. Shades of Boccaccio! In an inn they find a priest escaped from an asylum and a brigadier discussing transubstantiation; at a swank restaurant they overhear an arrogant maitre d' discoursing on theological matters while instructing his staff on table setting, intercut with scenes of the Marquis de Sade rationalizing his heresies to one of his victims, and The Virgin Mary and Jesus in an idyllic moment together. Follows other encounters, at a children's school where a pageant delineating "anathema" is performed, a fortuitous meeting with the Devil, the self-crucifixion of a nun in religious ecstacy, a duel between a Jansenite and a Jesuit (Buñuel was brought up by Jesuits) over an interpretation of the Scriptures, a miracle involving the Virgin Mary . . . When they arrive at the edge of Compostella, the prostitute (wittily played by Delphine Seyrig) tells them there are no other pilgrims there, that the whole thing is a bust, the shrine is a fake, and the body of the Apostle James is discovered, after all, not to be there. So off into the forest they go. In another part of the forest, Jesus appears with his apostles and restores the sight of two blind men.

The screenplay is an original one by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carriere; the producer of this arch-Catholic film is, ironically, the Jewish Serge Silberman (imagine the chances of this happening the other way around, a film, say, on Chassidism by a Catholic producer).

It is also ironic to see that as the youthful discretion of Fellini (*Variety Lights, The White Sheik, I Vitelloni*, etc.) matured into the anarchic creator of miasmic mists like *Juliet of the Spirits* and *Fellini Satyricon*, the anarchic fury of the youthful Buñuel (*Un Chien Andalou, L'Age d'Or*, etc.) has mellowed into the mature creator of so discreet, so mellow and spiritual, so beautiful a work as *The Milky Way*. Buñuel would never sign a film like Fellini's *Satyricon* but I'm as certain as I am that the sun will rise tomorrow that Fellini, if he is as intelligent as I think he is, would be proud to sign *The Milky Way*. That's what this is all about.

LETTER FROM SCANDINAVIA

by BOB NICHOLS

The opening and closing scenes of Ingmar Bergman's new color film, *The Passion*, mirror the juxtaposition of harmony and conflict in human life. The first scene is of a small flock of sheep peacefully grazing on the rugged landscape of the rocky island in the Gotland Archipelago, Faro, where the picture was filmed. (The name "Faro", incidentally, means "sheep island".) There is a prophetic passage in the Bible to the effect that the coming of the "Prince of Peace" will result in a guarantee "that sheep may safely graze", and I think that I.B. is out after some symbolic imagery for this idea in his opening scene.

The last scene conveys the very essence of man divided against himself as Andreas (Max Von Sydow) traces and retraces his steps over and over again, his whole being wracked by the conflicting impulses of attraction and repulsion vis-a-vis Anne (LivUllman), his only emotional anchor. Following up the biblical symbolism implied here, I consulted "Walker's Comprehensive Concordance to the Holy Scriptures" (Macmillan, New York, 1948) and found in the New Testament book of Philipians (1: 29-39): ". . . because to you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to *suffer* in his behalf: having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me." Andreas is, at the end of the film, basically where he was at the beginning: neither able to find God within nor without yet impelled to seek aimlessly – reaping but more emotional suffering and futility.

Again, as in *Shame* and *Hour of the Wolf*, we are confronted by the impotent unproductive artist (author in this case) whose nerves are as open sores. He is completely vulnerable, the easy prey of the world around him, not far from going down under it all. A brief affair with Bibi Andersson (wife of a cynical photographer-architect superbly portrayed by Erland Josephson) and a more enduring liason with Liv Ullman restore his power to live *temporarily*, while a suicide and the mysterious circumstances leading up to it cause him to forget himself long enough for him to get just a glimpse of "the light at the end of the tunnel" before his psyche plunges him back into darkness.

Bergman's use of color is restrained and effective. The register of low color tones along which the film ranges robs nothing from the effectiveness of its thematic construction while it undeniably aids in establishing a subdued mood for the picture.

This is a very human film. The symbolism is probably more tangible than in any earlier Ingmar Bergman picture and is infused with the "now" feeling of last year's *Shame* (to which it is unquestionably closely linked). The mere act of seeing-experiencing it makes one anticipate a *Passion's* sequel.

THE MIND'S EYE

by JOHN HOFSESS

When Joseph Losey's *The Servant* was released in 1963, none of the fashionable conceits of "youth culture" had peaked, and what in the early Sixties seemed a cold, austere vision of human behaviour, appears in retrospect to have been a prophetic, dark comedy, and possibly the most psychologically astute film made about youth in the last decade.

Two new films in 1969, Pasolini's *Teorema* and Alistair Reed's *Baby Love* are best viewed as variations on *The Servant* , for they elucidate it, and in greater measure it elucidates them. In each an aristocratic family is visited by a stranger of almost supernatural powers, in each the power is sensuality and the effects of this power are virtually calamitous. In Losey's vision, the visitor is sinister at the outset, knowledgeable in every vice, and formidably cunning in corrupting "innocent" natures. *The Servant* isn't so much a puritanical vision in itself, as it is an enlightening explanation of why"puritanism" has proven to be man's most socially serviceable moral philosophy, for in history, periods of sexual licence are conspicuously short-lived, possibly because disorganization of the individual personality tends to disorganize society generally, a form of nihilism which fans outward from the self. At the end of the film, the affluent, indolent youth has become a slave, and "the servant" his master, catering to his every weakness.

In Pasolini's variation, it is the stranger (Terence Stamp) who is an innocent, and who brings to each member in a household of five, a variety of love they have never known before or can discover thereafter. In *Teorema*, this love seems to consist more of a miraculous rapport and understanding than the mechanics of sexual technique, and when the stranger vanishes from their lives each member of the family psychologically disintegrates. *Baby Love* was released late in 1969, and in Canada forced to share a nerve-dulling double-bill with *Sweden: Heaven and Hell. Baby Love* – to put it simply – is the story of a fifteen-year-old girl who with intuitive animal cunning wipes out an entire family with her carnal knowledge. As nymphet-lore, *Baby Love* doesn't reach Nabokovian greatness; it isn't that it lacks cynicism, it's just that greater artists are more discerning and disturbing in their cynicism. As Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita*, and Tony Richardson's *Laughter In the Dark* illustrate, Nabokov's chilling, penetrating vision of human relationships always produces for its protagonist a mock-tragic destiny. It is Losey who most closely approximates Nabokov's pitiless disdain for love relationships; in *Eva* and *The Servant* it is the person susceptible to affection who pays the highest price (as did Humbert in *Lolita*, and Albinus in *Laughter In The Dark*) while the person who is trusted and loved always manages to maintain an ironic and deceptive distance, ultimately betraying and destroying the one who loves. In Losey's vision, however, *Eva* (played by Jeanne Moreau) and *The Servant* (Dirk Bogarde) are both endowed with greater cunning than their victims, they entrap and enslave their victims who we are led to believe are practically helpless; whereas in Nabokov's vision, both Humbert and Albinus are presented as men of superior intellect and education, and who victimize themselves through purblind, foredoomed, ill-advised passions of their own choice. *Baby Love* is admirable in that, like the greater art it imitates, it is a *controlled* melodrama that never loses its way among sensationalistic elements. (Unlike *That Cold Day In The Park* – which began like a knowledgeable swimmer, then sank like a stone, as it got further and further out of its depths in lurid sensation.) *Baby Love* is a minor classic in tone, attitude and artistic control, and although its flaws cannot be overlooked they are not serious irritants. In *The Servant* and *Teorema* there is no attempted explanation for the "black magic" of the one stranger, nor the "white magic" of the other; but the writers of *Baby Love* apparently felt compelled to explain why a fifteen-year-old girl would seduce her step-brother, mother and father. The film is at its best when it is showing *how* she manages to force each to succumb in her game of sexual politics, when it comes to explaining "why" the film falters and doesn't even produce an interesting rationalization. (Still the film is far ahead of the Boulting Brothers' *Twisted Nerve* which added fraudulent biologizing to Freudulent psychologizing and practically lost its plot in the process.) *Baby Love* is imbued with a *cheerful* spirit of nihilism, a variety of despair increasingly rare in films these days, although nihilism and boredom in more prosaic forms are quickly becoming standardized. At the end of the film, the heroine emerges unmoved and unscathed from her devastating exploitation of her adopted family, and proceeds to further her stepping-stone career with an even wealthier family friend. *The Servant* was rooted in the victim's point of view, if told from Barrett's vantage point, it would be "psychopathic", i.e. superficial and pointless, for it is Tony's defeat which is absorbing, not Barrett's victory. *Baby Love,* possibly for the purpose of sheer novelty, is told from the heroine's viewpoint, but like Barrett, she has no significance or resonance in herself, she is a catalyst more interesting in the effects she has on others than in anything she thinks or feels herself. Psychopaths are only interesting on the surface of their actions; by definition they lack intellectual and moral depth. Unlike *The Servant* which derives much of its power through tracing the progressive deterioration of an ordinary person, *Baby Love* is obliged to ignore the subject of "decadence" because it is situated in the most provocative (but vacuous) person in the script, and relates events from her point of view. *Baby Love* would have gained immeasurably by being told from a different vantage point. Although *Teorema* is imaginative in concept, it appears dull in execution; it contains no "gestalts" wherein photography, acting and directorial vision cohere to produce an imperishable moment in film memory. There is nothing to compare to the scene in the *The Servant* where Sarah Miles reclines on a kitchen table, her voice breaking with sexualized tension, the tap dripping, the phone ringing, and James Fox transfixed in gaze upon her; nor is there anything comparable to the scene in *Baby Love* of the step-by-step seduction by "Baby" of her adopted mother, a scene of calculation and cruelty rather than

"lesbianism." But *Teorema* is of interest here because it is a precise inversion of *The Servant*; it views the deprivation of love as a probable cause of neurosis, whereas *The Servant* and *Baby Love* take a jaundiced view of this catch-all cure-all; sensuality is depicted as a means to an end, and the end is controlled by Machiavellian personalities, themselves immune and invulnerable to love. Affection is viewed as a personal game of power-politics, and sex merely a device for domination and control. Every form of pleasure is depicted as a potentially debilitating indulgence, with power being transferred to those who purvey pleasure, and profit from it, but remain detached from its thralldom. *The Servant* represents the antipode of currently fashionable values of pleasure, for Losey delineates the power-struggle that lies beneath the surface of sensual pleasures and poses the question, *who* is gaining moral, intellectual, economic and political power over you, while you indulge yourself in desultory pursuits? It is a question which many young people answer the hard way — they live out the unpleasant answer because they failed to ask it of themselves in the first place. *The Servant* revived and revisited may well prove to be one of the definitive films of the Sixties, a parable that haunts the conscience of an entire era and generation, which chose to call the servitude of anti-intellectual indulgence "freedom".

BERKEL-EYE

MICHAEL GOODWIN

Andy Warhol's new flick, *Imitation of Christ*, has come and gone in Berkeley, Cal. It was the film's first public screening, and it was an accident.

The Telegraph Repertory Cinema in Berkeley, had arranged to show another Warhol film, *Blue Movie* (also known as *Viva and Louis* or *Fuck*), and advertising had been printed in several of the local underground papers. Then the film was busted for obscenity in New York. There had only been two prints made, and one was grabbed by the heat. The second print, earmarked for Berkeley, was now needed in New York, so Warhol sent the master to Kodak to get a third print made. Kodak however, refused to print several reels of the film on the grounds that *they* might get busted. Tra la la.

While all this action was going down, the Telegraph's scheduled showing was drawing closer and closer. (Can you see it with Griffith cross-cutting?) Andy tried sending the questionable reels to Kodak one at a time and, for some reason, this gambit was successful. But, naturally, it was also time-consuming. In order to cover the Telegraph until a complete print was ready, Warhol sent out *Imitation of Christ*. The film ran for several days, advertised solely by a hand-written notice on the front of the theater, and then went back to New York when *Blue Movie* came through.

Chronologically, *Imitation of Christ* comes after *Lonesome Cowboys* and before *Blue Movie*. It stars Patrick Tilden as Jesus/Warhol, Bridget Polk and Ondine as Mary and Joseph, Nico as Mary Magdalen (I think), a freaked out teenage-terror of a chick as somebody, and Taylor Mead as Taylor Mead.

A delightful blasphemy, the film actually looks more like *Bike Boy* than *Lonesome Cowboys*; basically, it's just a series of encounters between Patrick/Jesus/Warhol and everybody else. Endless rap, much of it funny, and more in-references than the human mind can stand. Warhol's directorial hand is stronger here than in previous films — and a lot of the time he seems to be feeding lines to the actors. Certainly, Bridget's speech about her son ("They tell me he's a genius. If that's genius, I want no part of it! ") sounds too much like Mrs. Warhol to be an accident.

As usual, Warhol's illusion/reality games are right on. The tension that he sets up between his people-as-people and the fantasies they enact is stunning; the only unfailing reality is the film running through the camera. Warhol's instinctive understanding of just how far he can manipulate the situation in front of the camera without turning it into a hollywood movie is beautiful. Seems like he's been picking up on Godard while everybody was busy noticing how much Godard was picking up on *him*.

Example: the final fadeout. It's a total mind-blower because it's a *real* fadeout — Warhol plunks down Patrick and Nico on a Los Angeles rooftop, starts his camera, and shoots until the sun has gone down and the screen is dark. The shot takes ten or fifteen minutes, and I sat there muttering, "Why hasn't anyone thought of this before? ", while the colors shifted into deep reds, browns, and finally nothing but shadows.

Thinking back to Warhol's early Edison-experiments, it seems clear that he's been into *film* all along. Not movies, not cinema — just film. During the last year, Warhol's influence has been evident in the work of Shirley Clarke, Agnes Varda, and, of course, Jean-Luc Godard, but these filmmakers *use* Andy's techniques, while Andy just plays with them. Fun with your movie camera.

What the fuck can you say about a Warhol flick, anyway?

WOW

A National Film Board of Canada production, 1969. Colour. 95 min. Director: Claude Jutra. Camera: Gilles Gascon. Editors: Jutra, Yves Dion, Claire Boyer. Cast: Babette, Flis, Michelle, Dave, Philippe, Monique, François, Marc, Pierre.

A frequent criticism of NFB documentaries is that, fine as they are, they tend to look on humanity with the detached over-view of a scientist. Many films such as *Lonely Boy* and *Les Raquetteurs* are great precisely because of this detachment; but this greatness is obtained at the expense of emotional charge and personal urgency. *Wow* is an attempt to fight this tendancy. It is a film which goes beyond cinema vérité to a truth of emotions and spirit very rarely seen in a media whose very nature forces it to deal with externals.

The subject of this film, once again, is dropped out youth; but to those who groan that they will never again sit through another orgy of sex, drugs, long hair and loud music, I would suggest that this is *the* film on youth — one so superior in form and realization as to make most previous ventures into this no-man's land seem plastic and unconvincing.

From its very inception, this was a very unusual project. Director Jutra lived for several months totally within the group of young people who form the subject of this film. Among them, the idea of cinéma-rêve evolved. The film would be made up of nine separate episodes, each one expressing a particular fantasy of one member of the group. Thus the final film consists of interviews with the kids involved interspersed with their dreams realized on film and starring themselves.

Some of the dreams of these children of McLuhan and Coca Cola are remarkably similar. Flis fantasizes that he is walking down the main street of the city nude, scandalizing all the passersby. Philippe and Marc have dreams of escaping the city to an idealized rural existence. Pierre does not want to do anything but sit around at home and smoke hashish with his friends. Thus, half the fantasies center around a return to a simpler, more innocent form of existence — this strangely enough from people who are young, urban and with it. Babette, who has just come over from France, has a masochistic, Catholic fantasy in which she is an abbess defending her convent from enemy soldiers. Dave, whose background is English, sees himself as a rock and roll singer with a fast motorcycle and lots of girls. Monique, riding up and down on a carrousel, returns to her primordial past where all is colour, movement and ecstasy.

One of the superiorities of documentaries over dramatic films is that they often snatch a grace from beyond the reach of art and put on the screen that which could never have been devised. Dramatic films use stereotypes and various exaggerations of personalities in order to get on with the story-telling. We spot the bad man by his black hat and curled moustache. In the big money makers such as *The Graduate*, *Easy Rider*, and *Man and A Woman*, the characters have been painted with bold, broad strokes. This film is infinitely more satisfying. We begin to know these kids like members of our own family.

Jutra seems to have a thing about youth. He regards this generation as more alive and more aware than any other in history. He has said of himself that he is too old and has lost all his creativity and, of this film, that it was really the kids who made it. Claude Jutra has been and is the most original film creator in Canada. His films represent an unusual combination of tremendous craftsmanship and a very personal honesty. This film is typical of the best of his work. His art is so subtle as to be almost transparent but this film was not made by the kids, it was made because of them and through them, by someone highly sensible to the vibrations of our times.

Ronald Blumer

ZERO THE fool

1970. Black and white. 70 min. Direction, Editing and Photography by Morley Markson. Sound: Tom Burger. Cast: Penelope, Danny Grigg, Gerald S. Cogan, Robert Ladouceur, Natasha Dudarev.

Penelope and Danny were having an affair until things started to go wrong. Somehow Gerald, a homosexual, got involved, and everyone went through a lot more changes, with things getting worse and worse. Naturally, they decided to make a movie about it, and Morley Markson got involved. With a sound man, the four of them went to a cabin

in the country for several weeks, chucked the ordinary underground script that Penelope and Danny had worked out, and began to try to recreate some of their experiences.

Now here's where the movie gets very hard to describe. The three characters are acting themselves, although, as Markson says, he, as director, "subjected them to his interpretation of themselves". They try to do scenes that actually occurred, but in the process of recreation they change, break up, go wrong, reveal different things. So at first they're acting out something, and then gradually the scene becomes a real new experience, although they're still exaggerating their behaviour, in a sense acting, because while you're always at about three or four removes from the 'real' people, you see much more of them than you would ordinarily of a real person, and you're responding more strongly to a more complex situation.

There are other types of scenes. The characters talk straight to the camera about themselves or about the film or about themselves in the film — one of the most moving scenes is Penelope telling what she had hoped for the film and for herself. There are set-up scenes, like the one where each character in turn runs around a big circle in the snow, saying some things that are obviously scripted, and others that might not be. There's a beautiful scene, worth the price of admission, where Danny stands talking to the camera, again obviously scripted, with a herd of young holsteins in the background. I like this part a lot. They're the most beautiful cows I've ever seen, looking freshly shampooed, so clean and fluffy and curly in their first winter fur. If Blake had made heifers instead of lambs and tigers, he would have made these. Clearly they look so good because Morley Markson is a remarkably good photographer.

But this is one of the problems of the movie. At the first showing, everyone said the same thing: it was sometimes uncomfortable, sometimes hard to watch, but some remarkable human events had occurred. That's true, but on second viewing I was much more aware of the superstructure of technique and intellection. Each of the characters is named for a tarot card (hence the title), and they try to develop relationships and qualities around the characteristics of the cards. That gets lost pretty quickly, but the framework is there. Then there's the philosophical question. Markson claims Beckett as his prime influence, and sees the film as an examination of "people in limbo . . . struggles against nothing . . . cyclical and nonsensical . . . futility in the attempt to survive, to be free." They do a lot of talking about humiliation and futility, and some running around in circles. There's a lot of high contrast, and a lot of snow. The futility theme is also submerged by the impact of the human events, but not completely, so that it keeps intruding and interrupting the dialogue that is developing between audience and actor.

That's the trouble: Markson is still hung up on the old necessity of subjugating life to art. It's what's done with life that counts in this movie, and maybe that's why you could turn the sound off and just watch the pictures. In this sense the film is profoundly exploitative: it uses real lives as if they weren't enough, as if you must shape them into something better. Since when isn't life enough?

Kay Armatage

THE DAMNED

A Warner Bros.-Seven Arts release, 1969. 150 min. Director: Luchino Visconti. Cast: Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Berger.

In his film-adaptations from novels, *The Leopard* and *The Stranger*, Luchino Visconti displayed such an exacting reverence for his source-materials that his films became superfluous, unbeneficial duplications. The more interesting and presumably more characteristic Visconti films, *Senso, Rocco And His Brothers, Sandra*, are imbued with an operatic sensibility, their characters live lives of florid emotion and inflamed passions insensible to all restraint except death. *The Damned* is as close to a perfect expression of Viconti's *weltanschauung* as we are likely to see; his spiritual equivalent of Fellini's *8 1/2* and Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, though viewers may prefer any of his other films on aesthetic grounds just as they may prefer Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*, or Antonioni's *Blow Up* to their more substantial and difficult works.

The Damned ventures beyond the mythology of war films, and the moral exhortations of anti-war harangues, to give us a glimpse of the psychological dynamics, the mental preconditions, which create and sanction war. But it is a hopelessly ambitious undertaking, for there is a point beyond which films cannot tell the truth; no matter how one varies the style, be it cinéma vérité documentary or a surrealistic penetration beyond the surface of our everyday lives, the film medium is basically resistant to functioning as an instrument of intellectual analysis. Since *The Damned* is aimed at a psychological depth that the film medium is precluded from reaching, it begins to falsify its answers early to the questions it is asking. Visconti provides viewers with a metaphor, an argument by analogy; in the form of an aristocratic German family, the Von Essenbecks, we are asked to believe we have a microcosm of German society under Hitler, and that in their penchants for incest, transvestism, mental instabilities and suicide, we have an explanation for the rise and spread of Nazism. It is doubtful we have a mirror-image, let alone an "explanation" (as psycho-sexual politics. *The Damned* is on the level of Krafft-Ebing, though it tries to be a psychoanalysis of history on the level of Norman Brown's *Life Against Death*) but what we do have is an artistic vision the power of which has nothing to do with

MINUTE RICE

by SUSAN RICE

With a few notable exceptions, I have seen so many horrible movies in the last several weeks that I hesitate to write about them at all, but I do feel you should be warned. I have resorted to this rather facile pharmaceutical conceit to make things more entertaining for myself and, hopefully, to provide some truth in labelling.

PURGATIVES

I find myself writing about *Zabriskie Point* well after everyone else has and that makes me feel like a copycat. Since that didn't stop Antonioni, I suppose I shouldn't feel guilty. *Zabriskie Point* is being passed off as some kind of cathartic for activists, which strikes me as something of a contradiction since it keeps them off the streets. In any case, MGM prexy Jim Aubry (cf. "The Love Machine") claimed that it wouldn't surprise him if this film incited its revolutionary audience to bombing and burning. Of course, the first thing on the list would have to be the movie theatres in which *Zabriskie Point* appears.

APHRODISIACS

Jean Cocteau had one imperative for movies: "Astonish me! " Fellini's *Satyricon* satisfies that criterion in that it is consistently eye-boggling. You have never experienced anything like it before, in art or life. You can't say that about many movies. Much of our thinking about ancient Rome has been influenced by tacitly Christian, post-Freudian epics like *Ben Hur, Spartacus, The Robe* and *Quo Vadis* which, while creating a skimpy illusion of antiquity, leave us as ignorant about perceiving the past as we are about envisioning the future. I think this is the premise Fellini begins with when he calls his film a "science fiction film about the past", and he exploits our contemporary reflexes brilliantly. When nothing is known, anything is possible and authenticity becomes a function of the imagination. Fellini's sensuous, phantasmagoric style is the right match for the sensual paganism of Petronius' "Satyricon". Like the fragments it is based upon, the film is episodic. This is going to upset a lot of people who are looking for something organic and continuous. What will disturb them even more, I think, is Fellini's total abandonment of explicit judgment and literary characterization.

Out of It shouldn't really appear in the same category with *Satyricon* but I found it excitatory insofar as it reminded me of all the nights I spent furtively groping around in the front seats of 1956-9 two-tone (mainly aqua and white) Chevrolets. The people who made *Out of It* are post-25 Silent Generationalists, and their movie is a recreation of that golden time when boys wore seersucker suits and worried about their complexions; when girls had hen parties and kept diaries; and when all of us talked about grades and finished college in four years. Barry Gordon (*A Thousand Clowns*) gives a fine performance as the boy who finally makes it because he reads books and Jon Voight is "neat" as the one who fails because he is all brawn.

SOPORIFICS

It's too bad that *Mumsey, Nanny, Sonny and Girly* is such a boring disaster because its director, Freddie Francis, has done such nice things for other directors as a cameraman, and because he seemed to have an intuitive touch for pictures in which innocence and evil cohabit (*The Innocents, Our Mother's House*). If this film fails in every other respect, it is at least an original in that, for all its forboding and suggested perversity, it does not deliver one moment of tension or surprise.

Ann of the Thousand Days is *A Man for All Seasons* in drag — another telling of the Henry VIII-Anne Boleyn confrontation that moviemakers seem to consider one of the three or four major events in history. This time it is told from *her* point of view, even

its cogency.

The family-unit in *Sandra* was no less aberrant in its behavior, but Visconti did not measure their repercussions upon Italian society nor relate them to the rise of fascism in that country, perhaps because such an effort would be patently absurd whereas people are still willing to believe anything about Germany. In *The Damned* Visconti has confused the abhorrent with the merely aberrant, and doesn't seem to realise how *normal* the phenomenon of institutionalized terror has become in the last century. A male transvestite doing a parody of Marlene Deitrich's *Blue Angel* routine may be a vivid film image, but it is inadequate as a metaphor, and pernicious as a psychological explanation, for the carnage incurred by any state governed by scientific politics. It is tempting to regard *The Damned* as an undue exploitation of sexual prejudices, but it is only when Visconti risks being ridiculous that he stands any chance of reaching the sublime, and *The Damned* is his major claim to both. *The Damned* is a powerful film because it asks truly important and serious questions and then proceeds to lie persuasively, using emotion to vouchsafe sincerity instead of analysis to ensure its integrity.

John Hofsess

though Henry is the film's narrator. Now you get an idea of some of the problems. This is a very posh, theatrical, old-fashioned production (Hal Wallis) that hovers over dramatic excitement but never really touches down.

The Kremlin Letter. Return to sender.

DEPRESSANTS

Though it seemed impossible, *Jenny* made me wish I were back sleeping through *The Kremlin Letter*. This film is just irritating enough to keep you awake. *Jenny* is distinguished by the fact that it falls into the endearing genre of pictures that hang on a single implausible premise which motivates the action but is somehow lost in the shuffle (*e.g.* Does the scientist in *Fantastic Voyage* recover?). Equally incredible are the ages of the stars for the roles they play. Pregnant Marlo Thomas marries draft-bait Alan Alda so her baby can have a father and so he can stay home. It is a marriage of convenience because he already has a girlfriend and Marlo Thomas is a simp. He could have impregnated his girlfriend in the first place and saved us a lot of trouble.

PLACEBOS

The Ballad of Cable Hogue is Sam Peckinpah's latest most interminable film, and it doesn't even offer the distracting violence of *The Wild Bunch*. Peckinpah's attitude toward the ritual Western myth, both as history and cinema, is ambivalent; he wants to kid the legend while he romanticizes it. Strangely, Peckinpah creates an American past that we wouldn't want to believe even if we could. It is ironic that after undermining this genre so thoroughly and so admirably in his last film Peckinpah should now attempt this clumsy reconstruction.

ANAESTHETICS

The Honeymoon Killers is anti-beauty in every respect. Its hero and heroine are notably ugly, even on the figurative level, its settings are seedily naturalistic and its plot inexorably transparent. A fat nurse and a greasy Lochinvar set out to bilk old maids and murder a couple of them in the process. The only truly unique thing about *The Honeymoon Killers* is that it is shot in black and white yet somehow manages to avoid being an art film.

The Activist. The major thrust of this film by Art and Jo Napoleon (that should be warning enough) is a literal one: do you have to be a political zealot to sleep with one? I have a perverse admiration for *The Activist* because it is the least professional and most self-conscious movie I have seen in a long time, and I am sure it will serve as a paradigm for awfulness against which to measure all other films.

STIMULANTS

Start the Revolution Without Me is, next to *M*A*S*H* the funniest movie I have seen this year and it looks like it will be quickly forgotten, like most Yorkin-Lear productions. *STRWM* shares the same virtues and flaws of *Divorce, American Style* and *The Night They Raided Minsky's*. It is absolutely brilliant until the last half-hour when it turns sophomoric and farcical, as though everybody had suddenly lost interest in the project and settled for the easiest rave-off. Still, this movie (originally entitled *Louis, There's a Crowd Downstairs* which gives you a much better feeling for the film) is an inspired satirization of the historical costume drama and tale of swashbuckling adventure and courtly ways. Gene Wilder is magnificent as one of a set of twins who play a double double role (rich and poor), and Hugh Griffith is strangely touching, almost to the point of being too round a character, as Louis XVI.

BOO!

The Dunwich Horror couldn't be more appropriately named. It features Dean Stockwell as an experimenter in necromancy. He points to his temples and rolls his eyes to indicate madness. Sandra Dee, who doesn't have to try as hard, cuddles up with a book in a most unusual manner. Time was when monsters were created in laboratories amidst bubbling beakers and smoking test-tubes . . . the neo-terrors are the designs of special effects men in optical labs and they are as scary as joy buzzers and whoopee cushions. ■

THREE films

At Home. Written and Directed by Martin Lavut. Design: Arno Maggs. Photography: Henri Fix. Music: Zalman Yanovsky. Editor: Peter Rowe. With Martin Lavut and Adrienne Horswill. Produced by Moth Films and the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.
Relation. Written, Directed and Photographed by Howard Greenspan. Art work: Doreen Foster. Musician: David Martin.
Musical Chairs. A film by Warren Collins. Sound: Brian Avery. Music: Georgi Natchoff and Karol Rattray. With Don Grant and Ann Boehmer.

These three films have a lot in common. They are highly entertaining, technically excellent, award-winning, provocative films; and you probably won't be able to see any of them at a commercial cinema. For they also share two other attributes: they're Canadian and they're short.

Martin Lavut's *At Home* may be one of the funniest films ever made in Canada, but somewhere underneath it's also one of the most disturbing. It's about a young man (played by Lavut) who collects things and takes them home to his apartment. Interesting things, even grotesque things. People, for instance. Beautifully designed by Arno Maggs and brilliantly photographed by Henri Fix, with a great pastiche music track by Zalman Yanovsky, *At Home* exudes a professional confidence that is missing from most Canadian films and tv productions.

Warren Collins' *Musical Chairs* is also about a man and his apartment, but in this case the apartment is populated mainly by chairs. One night they hold an uproarious orgy which climaxes in their revolt and the murder of the apartment's human occupant. Collins' painstakingly clever animation of real furniture may cause *Musical Chairs* to be the first film ever censored for scenes involving only inanimate objects.

Howard Greenspan's *Relation* was made with funds from The North York Board of Education when Greenspan was an 18-year-old high school student. The film is about knowledge and education: at its core is an interweaving of two scenes of students discussing T.S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men". In one scene, grade 13 students offer the usual platitudes they've been spoon-fed; in the other, students from kindergarten and grades one and two respond to the poem with a direct and spontaneous understanding. As might be expected most teachers hate *Relation* — one threw a book at a friend of Greenspan's who was defending the film.

Relation is a bit too long and suffers from some awful examples of what high school English teachers like to discuss as symbolism, but it is still one of the best films on the problems of education ever made in Canada.

At Home was named the best short film at this year's Canadian Film Awards. It also won an award as the best Canadian film at the Vancouver Film Festival (not best short film — best film, period). It was made for the CBC who have yet to show it.

Musical Chairs won a special Canadian Film Award for technical achievement. It has yet to show at a theatre in Canada.

Relation won top prize at a student film festival held at the University of Toronto. The cash award was sent to the North York Board of Education and Greenspan has yet to receive it.

And the next time you go to a theatre there'll probably be a short about water skiing in Florida.

Joe Medjuck

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